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HUGH GIBSON'S SPEECH at the Preparatory Disarmament Commission meeting in Geneva came as a welcome surprise in a session which seemed doomed, like its predecessors, to futility. China, Germany, and Russia had offered in turn practical and direct proposals for the limitation or reduction of armaments. Each was listened to politely and the subject was shelved. But Mr. Gibson, representing the United States, a country too rich and powerful to be so cavalierly treated, caused considerable of a stir. He repeated the belief of the United States in the principle of naval limitations according to total tonnage. But he went on to say that in the interest of agreement the United States was willing to accept the proposal made by France at the third meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission whereby a total tonnage would be determined for each country, and then distributed according to categories by subsequent agreement. Mr. Gibson's offer did not name any definite tonnage or suggest any specific categories or caliber of guns, but it was a fair and frank plea for naval limitation. "We are willing to agree to any reduction of naval tonnage which leaves no type of war vessel unrestricted," he said. It is no wonder that Lord Cushendun applauded the "friendly, conciliatory, and helpful spirit of the speech," or that he declared that he considered Mr. Gibson's remarks so important that they would undoubtedly affect the entire work of the meeting.

THE INTERNATIONAL POKER GAME in Paris, with German reparations as the stakes, came near breaking up on April 18 when Hjalmar Schacht, Berlin's chief representative, was understood to demand a new deal as the price of continuing to play. At this writing it is uncertain what will happen, but even if the present conferees give up, their governments may be able to go on. The representatives of the Allies seem to have exaggerated what they conceived as Dr. Schacht's political demands. The text has not been made public, and probably Dr. Schacht's diplomacy was at fault, but it has been explained in Berlin that the allusions to colonies and East Prussia were intended primarily to emphasize the economic limitations of Germany under the Treaty of Versailles. So far as annuities go—which is the gist of the issue—Dr. Schacht offered $396,000,000 for thirty-seven years. This was only $36,000,000 less than the Allies asked as an initial payment, though agreement was farther off in other aspects. One of the worst demands of the Allies was for payment over fifty-eight years in order to synchronize with the debt arrangements with the United States. Our penurious and short-sighted obstinacy in holding out for the last cent we can collect on these obligations dogs every effort of the Allies and Germany to settle their account in a reasonable way.

THE INIQUITOUS CHARACTER of our policy toward our European debtors led to an explosion the other day from Philip Snowden, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Labor Government in Great Britain. Mr. Snowden was discussing in Parliament the Balfour Note, by which Great Britain agreed not to ask more in reparations from Germany and debt payments from the Allies than the amount required to pay her obligations to the United States. Turning on Mr. Churchill, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Snowden asked:

> Does Mr. Churchill then maintain that an agreement which is made by a government supported by a party which happens to have a temporary majority in the House of Commons commits every other party in the state to the confirmation and acceptance of that agreement in future? If that is to be so it is a doctrine to which I cannot subscribe.

That is strong language and would seem to make any government's promise worthless. Naturally, therefore, Ramsay MacDonald and other Labor leaders gave it only partial support, while Mr. Snowden himself hastened to say that he did not advocate repudiating Britain's debt agreement with America but merely maintained the right to ask for a reopening of it. In that Mr. Snowden is entirely right, and the issue promises to become a vote-getter for the Labor Party

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in the coming election. Great Britain's debt payments to America are resented by the British public and are a prominent cause of the bitter feeling toward Americans. There ought to be a revision of the terms—the sooner, the better.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S first message to Congress contains no surprise and much proof of failure to realize the chief removable cause of the farmers' troubles. Mr. Hoover advocates, of course, the promised government board to have supervision over the public funds loaned to farm organizations and to assist agriculture. Next he comes out for the pernicious system of placing American valuation on imported products now subject to ad valorem customs duties, instead of the foreign valuation, which in itself would mean raising the tariff on all of such goods. In general the message is extremely vague. The President admits that his farm-aid proposal is purely experimental. In so far as he advocates a reorganization of the marketing system on better lines and aid for farmers' marketing organizations, the establishment of clearing-houses, cooperation, etc., his plans are to be commended. It is, however, quite amusing to have the chief advocate of keeping the government out of business suggesting the nation-wide purchase of warehouses and "other facilities for marketing" as well as the creation of "clearing-houses especially for perishable products," when one recalls the furious denunciation of the Nonpartisan League's government of North Dakota because it actually built warehouses for the same purpose. Finally, Mr. Hoover stakes all on the tariff. We submit that as long as he does not see that to aid the farmer the tariff must come down and not go up, and until he can find a way of reducing railroad rates, a far-reaching effort to aid the farmer is impossible.

MUCH BETTER READING is the President's denunciation of the debenture plan of helping the farmer, though it did not keep the Senate Agricultural Committee from voting for the scheme. The President struck straight from the shoulder in what is for him an unaccustomed manner by listing in his letter to Senator McNary ten reasons for his opposition to the proposal. The ten reasons will, we trust, put an end to a proposal which the President rightly dubs a subsidy out of the Treasury, not to the farmers but to the middle-man. What a pity it is, though, that he cannot see that the tariff is merely another form of granting a subsidy from the pockets of the American people to the beneficiaries of protection! None the less, we rejoice at the vigor of the President's letter. Coming as it does from one who has for so long dodged vital questions, it creates the hope that he is learning, as President, to face issues and to express emphatically what he feels. He had some good things to say too when he appeared at the meeting of the Associated Press to make his first speech as President. He talked on law enforcement. Rather different from the ordinary political harangue, for instance, was his comment: "If law can be upheld only by enforcement agents, then our scheme of government is at an end." But Mr. Hoover has not added to his prestige by repeating Mr. Coolidge's blunder in naming Irvine L. Lenroot to be Associate Judge of the United States Court of Customs and Patent Appeals. The nomination is not in line with the President's expressed wish to improve our law-enforcing agencies.

THE MEN who are asking for a tariff on Philippi sugar met a formidable opponent in Secretary of Sta Stimson. Mr. Stimson appeared before the House Ways ar Means Committee, which is considering the restriction, wit such an impressive array of facts that the high-tariff adv cates will have great difficulty in distorting or ignoring ther Declaring that almost three-fifths of our sugar supply com from Cuba and only one-fifth from continental United State he pointed out that a tariff on Philippine sugar would b an act of deliberate discrimination against the Filipinos i behalf of Cuban investors.

> This committee [he said] is asked by the proposers of this limitation to strike a blow at an industry which is at present not affecting the price of any domestic sugar, and which cannot possibly affect such price within any reasonable period of years to come. . . . Such a limitation would be inevitably interpreted as a betrayal of trust by the people of the United States toward a dependent people. . . . It would arouse a widespread criticism in the Orient as well as in other parts of the world with which we desire commercial relations, and would inflict a lasting blow upon our credit and good name.

If the high-tariff lobby prevails over the wise counsel of Mr Stimson, the result is bound to be an overwhelming deman for Philippine independence, for we cannot treat the Philip pines as a foreign nation in economic relations and expect th Filipinos to regard themselves as part of the United States

OUR MARINES are irresistible. If you don't believ it, look at Nicaragua. When the boys went dow there in December, 1926, they were greeted with unkin words by a large section of the population, including espe cially José M. Moncada, Juan B. Sacasa, and Augustin Sandino, leaders of the Liberals in Nicaragua. In th spring of 1927 Mr. Stimson was sent down by Presiden Coolidge to smooth things over. He promised to give Nica ragua an election just like the American ones. Then h kindly bought and paid for the rifles of General Moncada' men. But when he tried to buy Sandino's guns, Sandino sai he didn't believe in American elections. As a result Sandin was chased into the wilderness. At this writing, after tw years of trying to resist the marines, he is seeking refuge i Mexico. Moncada and Sacasa, on the other hand, are happ and prosperous, for when the promised election was held Moncada became president and Sacasa was appointed envo to the United States. Sacasa assured President Hoove recently that in Nicaragua "there has always been felt, i one or another form, the generous impulses of the heart o your great people and the ideals of true fraternity which i upholds." President Moncada has decreed May 4—the dat in 1927 on which he and Mr. Stimson signed the peac treaty—as a national holiday; and he has written to Briga dier General Feland, former commander of the marines i Nicaragua: "You and the American marines have ren dered the greatest service to peace and law and you have gained the sincere good-will of my people and myself." Our marines are irresistible, especially to Nicaraguan presidents.

MORE DISORDERS in Southern textile strikes are advertising the grievances of the mill workers. A gang of men with white masks raided the headquarters of the National Textile Workers Union in Gastonia, North

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arolina, on April 18 and demolished the office and relief ore with sledge-hammers. When the union leaders de-anded the right to parade through the streets of the city n April 20 the city council of Gastonia hastily met the ight before and passed a law making parades without a ermit illegal. Needless to say, the Communist leaders did ot get a permit. While the strike in Gastonia and neigh-oring towns under Communist leadership has received much ttention, it is not as large as strikes in other Southern tex-le centers. In South Carolina a series of strikes by unor-anized workers against the stretch-out system in cotton ills has resulted in several victories for the strikers. Per-aps 1,500 workers are still out in this region. At Eliza-ethton, Tennessee, 5,000 rayon workers have gone on strike or the second time in two weeks to compel the employers to top discrimination against union members. There the strike s led by the United Textile Workers of the American Fed-ration of Labor. We hope that all of these strikes will be von and we urge readers to send strike relief to one or all f the three strike areas. William Weaver, 3 Gates Street, Greenville, South Carolina, represents the unorganized trikers in South Carolina; Margaret Bowen, Box 547, Elizabethton, Tennessee, represents the rayon workers; and he Gastonia strikers are being helped by the Workers Inter-national Relief, 1 Union Square, New York City.

THE DAUGHTERS of the American Revolution (1776 model) recently adjourned their thirty-eighth congress after adopting resolutions in favor of these things:

A bigger and stronger navy.

The national-origins provisions of the Immigration Act.

A compulsory oath of allegiance to be taken by all teachers in schools or colleges.

Strong support of the Chemical Warfare Service.

"Persistent and effective resistance to all attacks of radicals and others opposed to an efficient national defense."

They opposed:

Recognition of Soviet Russia.

The readmission of Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, expelled for criticizing the famous blacklist.

So the country is once more dedicated to reaction and intolerance by those women who have hailed a bloody revolution as their honored parent. But if there is irony in this fact it is probably apparent only to more recent immigrants to these shores or to persons who lack that fine sense of discrimination among revolutions which marks the true Daughter.

Judge Hayes in his charge warned the jury that the theme of the book was immaterial, that any lesson intended in writing the book was immaterial, and that the whole tone of the book was immaterial.—Press Item.

NOR NEED THE WORDS used in the book be obscene or of obscene intent. According to Judge Hayes, if "the thoughts aroused by those words are offensive to morality and to chastity and manifestly tend to corrupt youth"—that is enough. And so Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" has been barred from sale in Massachusetts, a State whose legislature only the other day declined to alter its law to allow consideration of the theme, intent, or tone of books under charge of indecency. Donald Friede, of Covici-Friede, publishers, brought about this test case by selling a copy of "An American Tragedy" to a Boston policeman. Immediately after his conviction he hurried to New York to hear the decision in the case against "The Well of Loneliness," published by his firm. But, while Boston's morals and laws remain blue, New York exhibits a tinge of liberalism. With John S. Sumner sitting morosely in the courtroom, Justices Salomon, Healy, and McInerney handed down a decision in favor of "The Well of Loneliness." The novel may now be sold openly.

"WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL, dean of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States, believes that behind the Einsteinian speculation on space and time there lurks the 'ghastly apparition of atheism' "—thus reads an Associated Press dispatch. After condemning "petty, befogged professors" who have set up new standards in order "to attract attention to themselves," the Cardinal, it appears, declared: "I mean that while I do not wish to accuse Einstein at present of deliberately wishing to destroy the Christian faith and the Christian basis of life, I half suspect that if we wait a little longer he unquestionably will reveal himself in this attitude." Many people have confessed their inability to understand what it is that Einstein is driving at. Cardinal O'Connell apparently not only knows exactly what Einstein has put on paper, but also, by mere intuition, what it is that Einstein has in the back of his mind. In this the Cardinal is merely running true to form —both his own form and that of his church. Somebody might remind him, however, that a similar attitude toward the great philosopher Giordano Bruno resulted in his church's burning that martyr on February 17, 1600, a victim to the Inquisition. Today a statue to him stands on the place of his execution in recognition of his greatness and the correctness of his views. Then there was a certain Galileo, still one of the imperishable lights in the astronomical world. Cardinal O'Connell's church also condemned this man as "vehemently suspected of heresy," yet its teachers today admit that the science of motion began with Galileo.

THE ORT, the Society for the promotion of Trades and Agriculture among the Jews, has opened a campaign to raise $1,000,000 with which to carry on its work of promoting the economic readjustment of Jews in Eastern Europe. The destruction of petty trade and commerce in this region has made vocational readjustment absolutely necessary for hundreds of thousands of Jews. The Ort, which has branches in twelve countries, has for its purpose the transferring of Jews to industry and agriculture. To this end, it maintains 103 trade schools in Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Danzig, where young Jews may learn and older ones perfect a trade. It provides credit for those who wish to enter agriculture. Through the Cooperative Tool Supply Company, organized by the Ort, Jewish craftsmen are supplied with machinery on credit. Furthermore, the Ort has established a revolving fund for loans through which American relatives of impoverished Jews in Eastern Europe can purchase machinery for the latter's use. The Ort feels that this sort of aid is much more permanently effective than emigration. The recent Ort Exhibition in New York City, which demonstrated the activities of the organization by diagram and by actual exhibits from fields and workshops, gave impressive proof that the Ort was doing an excellent and worth-while job. It deserves support.

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The Press Weds the Paper Trust

LAST week we animadverted upon the purchase of one-half of the stock of the company owning the Boston *Herald* and the *Traveler* by the International Paper and Power Company, the Paper Trust. Today we are covered with confusion, and admit, in humiliation, that as editors we have utterly misconstrued an act which, it now appears, was of the noblest and most unselfish character, undertaken, in the most innocent way, entirely for the benefit of the public. Our humiliation, we must further explain, is due entirely to an editorial which appeared in the Boston *Herald* of April 12, expounding the entire transaction:

> The second feature of interest to our readers is the sale of stock in the Boston Publishing Company to the International Paper Company. The fact of the new purchase appeared first in the sworn returns to the United States Government by the Boston Publishing Company, filed in the routine way. It had been felt that a close contact between a great producer and a great consumer of white paper would work out to the advantage of both companies, the readers of each newspaper, and the community. That is the whole significance of the transaction. A plain, open, aboveboard arrangement, long contemplated, has been finally effected and made known in a plain, open, aboveboard manner.
>
> Any inference that the purchase of stock in the Boston Publishing Company by the International Paper Company means a change in the policy of the *Herald* or the *Traveler* is altogether false. The internal affairs of each paper will remain the same. The policies will remain the same. The aim will remain the same—to produce first-class publications day by day.
>
> For years we have been opposed to government ownership, for social, political, and economic reasons. That opposition will continue. We have advocated fair treatment of all forms of business, large and small. That will continue. We have favored reasonable regulation of public utilities, municipal, State, and national. That will continue. The management will be the same, except that ex-Governor Channing H. Cox and John R. Macomber, both of whom have often indicated their great interest in public affairs, will join the board of directors. In short, the ideals and the policies of both papers will continue to be what they have been during the period in which the public has shown its greatest measure of approval. . . . As for us, we shall support every measure which promises to build up New England. The *Herald* and the *Traveler* have real confidence in New England, and they will do everything in their power to make stronger the foundations which support the economic structure of New England.

So there you see is the whole naked truth. And what could be more reasonable? The Paper Trust and the Boston *Herald* had long known each other in a purely platonic way. On closer acquaintance they discovered mutual charms and attractions not theretofore suspected—and so they decided to go on through life in closer physical contacts. Why not? It happens that way with individuals every hour of every day, and quite often it works out to the advantage of all concerned. Is this not proof that corporations have affections as well as souls?

And how refreshing it is to know that this new relationship will in nowise affect the ideals and policies of t two papers involved! How New England must have thrill to the unexpected news that this matrimonial arrangeme will not only not weaken its economic foundations, but th the Boston *Herald* is not therefore going Bolshevik! The must have been many to fear that this wedlock might swi the dear old *Herald* out of its accustomed orbit. As o readers will recall, the International Paper and Power Co pany is distinctly inclined toward economic and social rac calism. This is usually the case with a company that co trols, it is said, only 70 per cent of the paper industry a owns only a little matter of twelve power and light cor panies, lumber plants, paper and pulp mills, coal mines, a hydro-electric developments in New Brunswick, Maine, Ve mont, New Hampshire, Ontario, and Quebec. Now a litt company like this is, of course, quite subservient to radic influences and fleeting changes of public sentiment. Henc let us give thanks that its latest matrimonial alliance affor the positive assurance that it will not hastily yield to a sudden passion for government ownership or socialism.

Yes, the picture the Boston *Herald* paints of its glov ing prospect of long years of happiness and prosperous fecu dity in the arms of a thoroughly domesticated and altogeth lovable trust moves us profoundly. Only miserable radica will, we are sure, join the chorus of disapproval which h come from its Boston rivals and from other newspapers i the State of Massachusetts. Is it not cruel of the Bosto *American* to say: "Around the necks of the Boston *Heral* and the Boston *Traveler* are two brand new brass colla bearing the stamp of the Power Trust"? And how pett fogging that newspaper is—especially since it wears itsel the brass collar of William R. Hearst—to ask what woul happen if another of the Boston papers should enter th embracing arms of a railroad, another those of the gas com bine, and a third those of the packers.

There are plenty of others of which this is rumored—the newspaper world hears reports that the trust has a extensive matrimonial desires as King Solomon himself. Per haps it would be for the best if we could have a law or regulation requiring that each copy of a trust newspape should be so marked as to indicate just what its ownershi is. Dailies are very fond of marking their editions wit stars to designate differences. Why not have a five green starred edition to connote a Paper Trust daily, five yellow stars to connote an Anaconda-owned daily in Montana, an five blue stars to indicate that still another is in holy alliance with the Steel Trust? Only the evil-minded will, we be lieve, object to a future journalism in which every trust ha a little daily or group of dailies all its own. How tha process would simplify the publishers' difficulties and sta bilize the entire newspaper industry! How certain will i be when that day comes that all the newspapers will be a one with the Boston *Herald* in their opposition to govern ment ownership, their devotion to private operation of public utilities, and their ardent championship of the safety of the foundations which support not merely New England but the whole of industrial America.

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We and Cuba

UNDER the "Platt Amendment" (which, originally a rider to a United States army bill, was later written into the Cuban Constitution and into a Permanent Treaty between the United States and Cuba) the Cuban Government "consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," and for certain other obligations.

Certain Cubans now in the United States point out that individual liberty has ceased to exist in Cuba; that General Gerardo Machado y Morales is about to install himself in office for another term in flagrant violation of his pledges and of the old Cuban Constitution; that no opposition parties are tolerated in Cuba and that even mild dissent in the Cuban press brings as its penalty deportation, imprisonment, and sometimes outright murder; that through the Cuban lottery Machado has bribed the Congress into submissiveness; that those who desire free government have no recourse but revolution; and that while history would indicate that the United States would intervene to prevent or defeat a revolution in Cuba, we show no interest in individual liberty. They suggest that under the Platt Amendment the United States might well protest or even act against the dictatorship of Machado; and that much as they detest the idea of intervention, even intervention would be superior to the present bloody regime.

Of the horrible facts cited by Octavio Seigle in the New York *World,* and of the sober statements made by Raymond Leslie Buell in the Information Service of the Foreign Policy Association there has been no denial. The millionaire ex-anarchist who represents Cuba in Washington has called the attacks "banal, vulgar, and calumnious," but that can hardly be called a reply. The facts, indeed, are abundantly attested; Cuba lives in the grip of an iron dictatorship.

Dictatorships exist in many countries—in Italy, Spain, and Russia; in Venezuela, Peru, and other Latin-American countries as well as Cuba. But fortunately for the United States no Platt Amendment imposes moral responsibilities upon us as underwriters of these other dictatorships. In Cuba the United States is itself responsible. We have five times intervened to prevent or defeat revolution in Cuba; our Government has repeatedly declared itself "opposed unalterably to any attempt which may be made to replace by violence or revolution the process of government." If we deny the redress of revolution, it is a fair argument that we are morally obligated to provide some other recourse for oppressed citizenry.

The Nation is opposed to any forceful intervention in the affairs of other countries. It thinks the exercise of Yankee police power to supervise elections, whether in Cuba, Panama, or Nicaragua, an abuse of power, however earnest the effort to be impartial. Nations do not learn democracy from alien bayonets, and an imposed electoral system is no gain at all. *The Nation* would like to see the Platt Amendment abolished and Cubans allowed to decide the question of revolution for themselves. The amendment was forced upon the Cubans in the first instance, and no Cuban group or party today indorses it, although, so long as it exists, all would like to profit by it. Even Machado, the excesses of whose dictatorship have been made possible by the anti-revolution guaranty of American policy, has repeatedly denounced the Platt Amendment.

But if the Platt Amendment remains a part of the record of both countries, then surely logic and honor require the United States to pay as much respect to the questions of safety for human life and of individual liberty as to mere property rights. Indeed, if a revolution, following upon Machado's reinauguration on May 20, should force the United States to intervene again, that might lead to a healthy reconsideration of the lengths to which this policy of tutelage is leading.

Sex and the R. O. T. C

THE war game in our colleges and high schools grows sillier—and more harmful—year by year. "So This Is War!" a pamphlet published by the Committee on Militarism in Education, describes the present phase of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in all its ridiculous and insidious ramifications. The technique of the War Department with respect to the R. O. T. C. has changed within recent years. It will be recalled that a few years ago young "soldiers" were taught real warfare, in the form of bayonet drill, which was conducted according to instructions contained in the manual of military training. Certain of these instructions are worth printing once more.

> The bayonet is the deciding factor in every assault. Bayonet fighting is possible only because red-blooded men naturally possess the fighting instinct. This inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor. . . . In bayonet assault all ranks go forward to kill or be killed. . . . Few bayonet wounds come to the attention of the surgeon.

Bayonet drill and the above instructions had one virtue. There was a good chance that the average high-school or college boy, confronted with either, would conceive a hatred for war that would make him oppose it for life.

It was this very possibility which brought about the new regime. Widespread publication of the instructions aroused such protest among students and parents that, in 1926, bayonet drill was abolished. That was the first of several methods employed by the War Department in its avowed campaign to popularize military training in the colleges. There were other, more effective, means—sex appeal, in the form of girl officers and sponsors, and girls' rifle teams; horses, put at the disposal of students in the R. O. T. C. units for use especially as polo ponies; parades, medals, reviews, spectacular sham battles. All these have been used with the result that war in the colleges is now a glamorous succession of pretty girls and polo ponies, dress parades and medals, snappy uniforms and fireworks.

Of all the popularizers, sex appeal has been found to be most effective. Wherever possible, each regiment has its co-ed colonel, *commissioned by the War Department.* This honor goes to the most popular girl in the school and carries with it assurance that she will see her picture gratifyingly

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often in the home-town paper and that it will be sent out to newspapers from one end of this syndicated country to the other, over such captions as the following:

> NIFTY COLONEL. The best-looking Colonel in the country! University of South Dakota students call Miss Eva Jean Leslie. She's honorary Colonel of the R. O. T. C. at the University, and in this capacity leads the grand march at the school's annual military ball.
>
> OH, IT'S GREAT TO BE A SOLDIER when the officers are as nice looking as El Delle Johnson, 19-year-old Oldsburg, Kansas, girl. Miss Johnson has been made honorary Colonel of the Kansas State Agricultural School R. O. T. C.

Next to girl officers and sponsors, horses have been the most successful inducement to R. O. T. C. enlistments. More than 2,000 horses are assigned to R. O. T. C. units. They are kept and equipped by the Government and are at the disposal of the young soldiers. Polo as a college sport has increased in popularity since the advent of the R. O. T. C.

War Department officials of course deny any responsibility for the use of girls and horses to popularize military training. This news paragraph from the Baltimore *Sun* contains a characteristic denial with regard to girl sponsors:

> The War Department not only has nothing to do with choosing of the sponsors but also is not even informed as to their identity and number. . . . They are not part of the military organization of the corps. They do not wear uniforms.

But this, from the Boston *Post,* would indicate otherwise:

> Four girls have been elected officers in the R. O. T. C. of the New Bedford High School and *their commissions have been authorized by the War Department.* . . . The girl officer, *according to modern training ideas*, furnishes a liaison between the social and military life of the school.

And a quotation from the report of the Chief of Staff of the Army for 1916 is even more damning:

> Sponsors are elected from the girls in the mixed schools and assigned to competition units. The sponsors are in every sense members of the cadet organization. . . . Medals, ribbons, and distinctive marks on the uniform are given each member of a winning unit, the sponsor of course included.

With respect to the use of horses, General Bridges, appearing before a House committee in regard to the War Department appropriation bill in the last Congress, said:

> None of the horses we furnish to these institutions are suitable for polo and therefore I would state almost positively that they do not use them for that purpose.

Yet in the Princeton *Alumni Weekly,* for January 25, 1929, there appeared an article from which we quote the following:

> In April, 1903, Princeton put the first college polo team into the field. When the founders left college there was no one to carry the game along.
>
> Its present renaissance at Princeton and other colleges is due entirely to the establishment of the R. O. T. C. courses which makes available for student use strings of government mounts, and the cooperation of the War Department in promoting the first of the intercollegiate polo tournaments.

The glory of war, undimmed by any hint of its brutal reality, is being dangled before the eyes of boys and girls in 130 universities and colleges and in the high schools of 55 cities of the United States.

Moving Backward

MICHIGAN is one of eight States sufficiently civilized to have abolished capital punishment, but on April 16 its Senate voted 21 to 10 to restore the death penalty. If concurred in by the House and signed by the Governor, the measure will have to go before the people for a popular vote. The Senate's action is a backward step, and final approval of its measure would be a disgrace to the State and a set-back for the cause of law-enforcement in this country. For nothing is more obvious than that objection to imposing the death penalty (even though unconscious on the part of jurors) is a leading reason for the failure to convict in murder trials in the States which maintain capital punishment. A recent testimonial to that effect is from Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, as a conclusion to his analysis of the homicide figures for 1928. Writing in the *Spectator,* an insurance journal published in New York City, Mr. Hoffman says:

> If we are not willing to enforce the death penalty, it would certainly be much better to do away with it. That we are not willing to enforce it is made clear in nearly every trial for murder of the first degree, in which the resources of the law are exhausted to save a convicted person from the electric chair, the hangman's rope, the lethal gas chamber, or the firing squad. . . . Certainly the States in which the death penalty is enforced show a higher murder death-rate than the States in which it is not enforced. A good illustration is the State of Rhode Island where the death penalty has not been enforced since 1852. During the year under review, Providence, R. I., had a homicide death-rate of only 3.8 per 100,000, while Pawtucket, R. I., had no deaths from homicide at all during 1928, nor for that matter during 1927. . . . Or Providence, R. I., with 286,000 population and 11 deaths from homicide in 1928 may be compared with Houston, Texas, with 275,000 population and 72 deaths from homicide. This argument could be extended to practically every section of the country and no evidence can be produced to show that capital punishment acts as a deterrent or hindrance to even the worst of murder records conceivable. The death penalty, rather to the contrary, acts as a deterrent to swift and adequate justice, imposes heavy burdens upon the taxpayers as the result of long trials, fosters sensationalism of the worst possible type, and stains the civilization of those who enforce it.

Mr. Hoffman gives figures from some thirty of our larger, more representative cities, showing that there were 5.1 homicides per 100,000 of population in 1900. By 1928 the rate had risen to 10.1. Contrary to popular opinion Chicago does not head the list of cities in respect to frequency of homicide. It is not even among the first ten cities with the highest homicide rate. They are all in the South, with Memphis, Tennessee, in the lead; it has a rate of 60.5. Chicago has a rate of 15.8, while New York City has a rate of 6.7, less than the average for the country.

The numerous violent deaths in the United States do little credit to our supposed high civilization. One way of reducing this toll is through swift and sure justice, and one way to swift and sure justice is to do away with that relic of barbarism, capital punishment. Michigan should stand by the law it has.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

"THE United States is a pagan country, the Rev. Dr. Selden P. Delany, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, asserted esterday in his sermon. He declared 50,000,000 of the opulation were in Catholic or Protestant churches against 0,000,000 outside."

This news paragraph from a recent issue of the New ork *Times* brings up the interesting point as to whether e pagans would not do well to organize and fight to gain ur rights. If Dr. Delany's figures are correct we have a ool twenty million majority to work with and should no onger submit to the tyranny of Christian morality. But efore launching the Pagan Party it might be well to check p a little on the good cleric's estimate. Seemingly he has ade no provision at all for the Jews. Since they are not embers of any Christian denomination the Doctor, in his luff and hearty way, sets them down as pagans. But they ight not be willing to accept the label and work with us.

Again, a certain number of our seventy million potenial followers would probably be found in various newhought, transmigratory, and deep-breathing cults all set down s heathen in the rough estimate. Also, I fear that there ould be need for revision because Dr. Delany assumes in avalier fashion that no man may be a Christian unless he is efinitely allied with one of the organized religious bodies. t is my notion that in the vast pagan army visioned by Dr. Delany there are very many Christians who have not been ounted simply because there is no church which follows ith any fidelity the teachings of Jesus.

Still, it might be possible to scale down the fifty million llotted to the churches. Denominational bookkeeping is otoriously liberal and many names are carried on the rolls ven though the individuals in question may have allowed he franchise to lapse through years of non-attendance. gain not all who say "Lord, Lord" with their lips are faithul in heart. Certain memberships are for show alone.

If democracy means anything we pagans ought to exert ore power in legislation and the formation of public opinon. There should be, sooner or later, a pagan President. Of course, we did have a Unitarian once and possibly he ould not be counted as Christian in the eyes of Dr. Delany. Minority rule is not a healthy symptom in a republic. The same people who express horror about the dictatorship f the proletariat should be equally displeased at the apparnt fact that seventy million pagans are practically without epresentation in the government of this country. Even the ost humble representative in Congress takes pains to dentify himself with some religious body and atheists in his land are practically disfranchised. Indeed in certain tates they are even deprived of their rights in courts since ertain judges will not accept testimony from witnesses who re not peculiarly impressed by an oath sworn on the Bible. nd on our coins there stands a slogan which may no longer epresent the bulk of thought in America.

In spite of Constitutional denial the word goes round rom many mouths that ours is a Christian country. The ounders seem to have foreseen a day when this might not be true, but it is hard to convince our present rulers that they no longer possess the balance of power. Indeed many good men sincerely believe that everything would go to rack and ruin if it were not for the stabilizing power of organized Christianity. Calvin Coolidge went to the length of declaring upon several occasions that religion (and of course he meant the Christian religion) was the very foundation of our institutions. But is this true? Would America necessarily be in a bad way if Clarence Darrow, for instance, were sent to the White House as our chief executive? Mr. Darrow is selected since at the moment he wears the mantle of Bob Ingersoll and stands as the most prominent of local agnostics.

In most set orations the contention is advanced that all good things in America are the product of devoted Christian effort. Even casual research, I believe, would disprove this. Not every achievement in our land has been wholly motivated by a desire to increase the might and majesty of the Christian God. But I am even more interested in the speculation as to what would happen if the Pagan Party succeeded in electing one of its own members to the Presidency. And since we are engaged in fantasy it might be a good idea to give a majority in House and Senate to the same party.

All right, then, let us assume that Mr. Darrow stands in the place of Herbert Hoover. Does this mean that dice will be rolled instead of eggs upon the White House lawn and that the Blue Room will straightway be equipped with casks of wine and purple couches? I don't think so and yet I am willing to admit that a Darrow administration might well differ profoundly from the one we have. Many criminals would be loosed and sent home to their families, for I doubt if Darrow would hold Volstead violations in much reverence. Possibly the use of Darrow as a symbol complicates the issue somewhat. Obviously there can be such a thing as a pagan prohibitionist. It is not really a Christian issue at all. There is, of course, no Biblical sanction for a bone-dry dogma. Decidedly it is an afterthought of the evangelical churches.

Nevertheless, I think that any pagan President would be inclined to move as Darrow would to an amelioration of harsh penalties for all offenses. The pagan idea of crime is to consider it solely as anti-social conduct. We would continue to lock up the individual who was dangerous to the public peace. But vengeance and retribution would not enter into the sentence. The effect of sin upon the soul would be no concern of ours. Naturally the cause of peace ought to advance in pagan times, since then it would be impossible to contend that certain wars are specifically sanctified and holy. The cause of the poor might well find a new sympathy and understanding since there would be none to say that man should be content in that station in life to which it had pleased God to call him. All in all, it seems to me that a purely pagan administration might in the end be quite similar to one definitely Christlike. Man lives less by bread than paradoxes and Christian ethics are seldom found save in the philosophy of some unbeliever.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Elizabethton, Tennessee

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

TO Elizabethton, Tennessee, where there has been a recent flareup of labor trouble among the employees of the huge rayon plants there. This is the town so often written up as "the wonder city," "Elizabethton the beautiful," etc. To me it seemed neither very beautiful nor very ugly.

Well, surely the town is in a lovely place. I had taken with me a woman who had long been engaged with an organization that works for the betterment of the working classes—especially working women. As we drove down through the beautiful valley toward the town she told me many interesting and sometimes terrible things about the condition of working girls in Southern mill towns.

To me the town, when we got into it, seemed not unlike hundreds of Iowa, Illinois, and Ohio county-seat towns. Earlier there was a period of better building in America. New England felt its influence as did parts of Pennsylvania and all of the South. For some reason these earlier buildings, of stone, brick, and heavy timbers, had more beautiful outlines than the buildings of a later period.

Then followed a period of box construction. Some one discovered the scroll-saw. Cheap buildings with cheap do-dads on them.

Here is a town not more than five years old. Already the buildings have that half-decrepit worn-out look that makes so many American towns such disheartening places. There is a sense of cheapness, hurry, no care for the buildings in which men and women are to live and work. "The premature aging of buildings in America," said my friend Van Wyck Brooks, "is the saddest thing in America."

We went to the hotel to dine and I went into the washroom. Such places—intimate, personal places—mark a town. The hotel, but a few years old, already had that shoddy, weary air characteristic of cheap careless construction.

There were a few tiny fragments of cheap soap. The wash-bowls were dirty. Such things are important. They tell a story.

We drove out to the two great rayon plants in the evening, just as the employees were leaving. This is mountain white labor. About three-fourths of all the labor employed is girls.

They are shockingly young. I saw many girls that could not have been beyond twelve or thirteen. In these towns, I am told, children have two ages, the real age and the "mill age." It is easy to escape responsibility. "If she lies about her age," etc.

Of course she lies. These are the poorest of poor people, from the hills, the mountain gullies. They went with weary steps along the road. Many of the young girls were already developing goiters, that sure sign of overwork, nervous debility. They had thin legs, stooped shoulders.

The mills themselves had that combination of the terrible with the magnificent that is so disconcerting. Anyone working in these places must feel their power. Oh, the beauty and wonder of the modern intricate machines! It is said that many of the girls and women in these places are half in love with the machines at which they work. We hav one of the modern wonder machines here in our own littl country-town printshop, a modern linotype. Joe who run it has pride in it. It is super-human in its accuracy, in it tirelessness.

There is always the old question—to make men rise i nobility to the nobility of the machines.

It is obvious there has not been much nobility i Elizabethton. The girls there were underpaid, they were no organized, they had no power.

A strike flared up, starting I am told, as a kind o spontaneous movement among the girls. It might have beer met easily at first. The employers were brutally casua about it.

The girls began to organize and the American Federation of Labor sent an organizer there. His name is Hoffman, a fat man, of the characteristic sledge-hammer, labor-organizer type. A group of men of the town—they have not all been identified yet—went to his hotel at night and escorted him out of town at the point of a gun.

Another bit of characteristic stupidity. He came right back, of course. Such a man would know well the publicity value of such a crude performance on the part of the local business men. It was all nuts for him. Obviously it is true that labor as well as industry and capital has the right to organize. If you own a factory you do not have to employ organized labor if you can get out of doing so. But you cannot stop labor organizing. You cannot throw a man out of town because he comes there to help labor organize. Modern, more intelligent and shrewd industrialists have learned there is a better way to handle such matters. They give labor what it wants. Tack the price on for the buyer at the other end. They throw the burden on over to the consuming public. The middle-class do not know how to organize and apparently the farmers will not organize. And the industrialists are slowly finding out that cheap, underpaid labor is in the end no good.

So here were these girls organizing and the movement grew like wild-fire. The men came in. All Elizabethton is apparently being organized.

There is one thing about this being a writer. You can go anywhere. Have I not written a book called "Poor White." It is the industrial history of a town very like Elizabethton. And I have written "Winesburg, Ohio," stories of the private lives of poor people in small towns.

I myself came from the working class. When I was a young man I worked for years in factories. These working people are close to me, although I am no longer a working-class man. I have my own class. I belong to the artist class.

And here is a peculiar thing. I am thinking now about working women. I take it that all women want beauty of person. Why not? How often I go to dine, for example, at one of the hotels in Marion, Virginia. There are the guests coming in. We, here in Marion, are on the Lee Highway. Many women come here. They are rich women, going to

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rida, or returning from Florida. They are dining at the el.

How few of them have any grace of person, any grace ody. I look from these women to the working women, waitresses. How much nicer they are.

It is true everywhere I have been in this world. In great fashionable hotels a man does sometimes see beauti- young girls but the older people among them are usually e miserable looking. I mean they are usually smug, satisfied about nothing, without character. Hard work, ible in life does, it seems, after all beautify, to one with eye at all trained to see beauty.

A moment ago I spoke of my own position in life. I accepted by working people everywhere as one of them- es and am proud of that fact. The other evening in abethton there was a secret union meeting being held. ent up into a rather dirty hallway, crowded with girls. rhaps this Mr. Hoffman has read some of my books," I ught, "he may let me in here." There was no doubt ut the woman I had driven to Elizabethton. She was nected with the women's industrial department of the ing Women's Christian Association, and had something say to these women. Later she did say it with fine ciousness. They would let her in. And so I sat in a dow-sill and along came this man Hoffman, the labor anizer. "Hello, Sherwood Anderson," he said. "Do want in here?"

"Yes, of course. I want in everywhere. To go in is aim in life. I want into fashionable hotels and clubs, ant into banks, into people's houses, into labor meetings, courthouses. I want to see all I can of how people their lives. That is my business in life—to find out it I can, to go in."

I did not say all this of course. "Sure," I said.

And so I was escorted into a room packed with girls, nen, boys, and men.

It was a business meeting of this new trades organiza- , a certain local of the Textile Workers of America.

Girls everywhere. What a different looking crowd n the one I saw, but two hours ago, coming from the ories.

There was life in this crowd. On the evening I was e some fifty new members were sworn into the organiza- . They came forward in groups, awkward young girls, ward boys, men and women with prematurely old faces, tired now full of life. As each member was sworn in lause shook the room. A woman was outside who had money to join. "I'll pay for hers," cried a working man, ing forward.

More and more men and women crowding up the nar- hallway outside. They wanted to join. The crowd ghed, jokes were shouted about the room. "Why there's l. Hello, Red. Are you in?"

"You bet I'm in."

There is a report that the company is going to fire all se who join. "Well, then we will go back to the hills. ved on birdeye beans before there was any rayon plant can live on birdeye beans again."

At least there was joy in this room. Men and women, the time at least, walked with new joy in their bodies. e men became more dignified, more manly in their bear- the women more beautiful.

And many of these mountain girls are lovely little creatures. They have, at least when excited, straight hard little bodies, delicately featured faces. I sat beside a child that couldn't have been over thirteen—no matter what her "mill age"—and as I looked at her I thought how proud I would be to have been her father.

I felt that way about all of the people in the room. Those working men I could accept as brothers, those girls as sisters. They were and are closer to me, as are men everywhere who work in fields, in factories and shops, than any other class of men or women will ever be.

And who loves luxury more than myself.

It is very puzzling. I came away from Elizabethton puzzled. How will it all come out?

"At least," I thought, "these working men and women have got, out of this business of organizing, of standing thus even for the moment, shoulder to shoulder, a new dig- nity. They have got a realization of each other. They have got for the moment a kind of religion of brotherhood and that is something."

It is a great deal more than any wage increase they may win from their struggle.

They have built a monument in Elizabethton. It is at the head of the main street. I fancy they felt that the town should have a monument. Almost all towns have. Per- haps also there was nothing in particular to build a monu- ment about. Apparently they just build one anyway. I walked around it several times but could find no inscription on it. It was built of brick with a thin outer coating of cement. Already it is falling to pieces. How I would have liked to see one of those delicately featured, hard-bodied, little mountain girls, done in stone by some real artist, stand- ing up there.

The Peaceable D. A. R.

By DEVERE ALLEN

THE D. A. R. has never been a pacifist organization. It has, however, prior to the last decade of jingoistic effervescence, been conspicuous at times in the pro- motion of world peace. On certain occasions it has even hobnobbed with avowed and celebrated non-resistants. Who would dream of this in these days of expulsions, steam-roller officialdom, and heresy-hunting? In its newer aspect, noth- ing seems to appeal so much to the society as a chance to scotch fancied revolutionary tendencies or even the mildest forms of innocuous liberalism.

It may possibly make the average citizen of today, who is bored by these juvenile performances, a little envious of the past to realize that up to 1890 there actually was no D. A. R. In the beginning of the nineties the newly formed Sons of the Revolution formally voted a lock-out against women. It was unreasonable, and I am one of those who heartily wish they hadn't done it. For the answer of super- patriotic women was an immediate rebellion, plotted at more tea parties than old Boston ever heard of.

The crusaders met "to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the women and men of the Revolutionary period."

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The S. A. R. stood for substantially the same thing, but for the men and women—a distinction quite enough to warrant a feminist strike for union. No particular women and men were specified, which was a wise arrangement, permitting a convenient flexibility. There were all sorts of people in the Revolution—the noble, and those about whom the less said the safer. So long as a single progenitor had aided the Revolution on any basis, and genealogy hunters were lean and open-minded, it was a simple matter for respectable women who were ladies to effect an entry and almost overnight achieve a village eminence.

A clause, "mother of a patriot," was included in the eligibility section referring to ancestry, so that "by this means the mothers could be honored and patriots having no lineal descendants could be represented." There proved to be many more of these than would at first blush be believed; but while the wording was changed somewhat later, there was still left room for increase in numbers, among the socially desirable, not dissimilar to the epidemic increase of Mayflower descendants.

The official seal did not portray fighting Molly Pitcher in action, but rather Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, seated peacefully before her spinning wheel. The first motto was "Amor Patriae," which was soon changed to "Home and Country," thus at one stroke doubling the movement's responsibilities. The colors selected were blue and white, those of George Washington's staff; hence the omission of red was not a result of conscious forethought.

Interestingly enough, the constitution contains not a single word or a direct inference charging members to work for military preparedness. The emphasis, instead, is on the duty of keeping forever green the Revolutionary ideals; on carrying out Washington's hope of more "institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge"; and on the need "to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

Twenty-five years ago the D. A. R. cooperated in peace propaganda. When the great National Arbitration and Peace Congress convened at New York in 1907, with representatives both from conservative and radical peace societies (though as usual the latter were effectually blanketed), the D. A. R. sent emissaries on a mission of peace. That mission had to do with a flag. But what a flag, seen over against the recent antics of the Daughters!

For fifteen years the anti-war societies had been pushing the use of an international flag of peace. Emanating from the sponsorship of the Universal Peace Union, a radical pacifist body, the peace flag was adopted by an increasing number of peace associations in various parts of the world.

That flag is interesting. It could not be used today, for we now have laws prohibiting the addition of anything to the national emblem. This flag had something added. The addition was principally a wide white border all around the Stars and Stripes, or, in similar fashion, the regular flags of all the countries. Sometimes the border was left plain; often it carried across the top the words, "Peace to All Nations." The more sumptuous flagstaffs, when used, occasionally suspended white streamers bearing in miniature the national flags of the world.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, the Universal Peace Union (which was also represented at the 1907 Congress) had been allowed to maintain a headquarters historic Independence Hall; but after an enterprising porter found in the society's rooms an old and forgott Spanish peace flag, the pure white border did not preve officials in the City of Brotherly Love from kicking out t organization. Not even this contaminating record, howev held back enthusiasm for the colorful symbol, and by 19 the peace flag had caught the imagination of the D. A. R.

And so the respected Andrew Carnegie, as in April that year he stood and tried to look properly surprised in t hall that bears his name, greeted the cordial bearers of gift. In an earlier session a telegram had been read, e pressing the D. A. R.'s sympathy with the meeting. No from the same body came those sent to dedicate an offeri which had already been hung aloft. They gave the m from Dunfermline a mammoth peace flag, white border a all, which through the day had excited admiring commer from the many celebrities in the throng. In that crowd, official delegates, were a considerable number national known as dissenters from any degree or kind of war

"In the name of the National Society of the Daughte of the American Revolution, now in congress assembled the city of Washington," said the chief ambassador of goo will, "we present to you the beautiful flag of peace nc floating over this great congress, in token of their affectiona appreciation of the great and beautiful work and labor love that you have done and are doing in the holy cause universal peace."

Little did the listeners imagine then that officials ev of the societies endowed by Carnegie himself should one d be proscribed by the Daughters as speakers and imputed wi subversive motives—as holding the same ideas, too, whi were voiced, though more radically, by the philanthropist that very day.

In his response to the gift Carnegie soared a bit in what time has revealed as a rather reckless prophecy: shall keep that flag always, and it shall never float over m killing each other, but shall remain a glorious heritage my successors." Ten years later, almost to a day, his su cessors in the ten-million-dollar organization for peace whi he left behind were putting in red letters at the head of stationery, "Peace Through Victory," and were turning Washington offices over to the Creel Bureau of Public I formation, the American war-propaganda machine.

There was to be at least one further indiscretion by t Daughters. Not only a number of the soon-to-be-frowne on Central European countries saw the flag of peace up their soil; the very top of the world was to hear its fol snap in the chill breezes of the Arctic. And that flag w sent there by the D. A. R., and carried through the agency Robert E. Peary. When Matt Henson, the only Negro reach the Pole, stood up amid the icy hillocks with l Eskimo companions to be photographed on the long-soug spot by the famous explorer, he held erect a United Sta flag of frayed silk, made by Mrs. Peary and carried on to some journeys for many years.

But sharing its triumph, in the arms of Egingwah Henson's left, was the white-bordered "world's ensign liberty and peace," as Peary called it, provided for that pu pose by the D. A. R. In Peary's book, "The North Pol a colored frontispiece shows the flag in friendly juxtapositi to the national flag just mentioned, the flag of the D. K.

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college fraternity, the Red Cross flag, and—to keep the Polar balance, possibly—the ensign of the Navy League. Perhaps, again, *that* flag may save the D. A. R. from open charges; yet as everyone knows who has studied patriotic Paul Revere literature, one of the dangerous devices of pacifism is to hide behind the skirts of the respectable.

How many more such skeletal aberrations exist in the closet of this otherwise upright and unbending society I have no means of knowing. It may be just as well. At least, this much will show that so far as tradition goes, the present D. A. R. seems sadly out of step. And yet there are those who would spread the falsehood that with these deviating Daughters, tradition counts for more than anything else in the world!

Professors' Pensions Go A-Glimmering

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

IT is bad enough to be reminded from time to time that corporations are not supposed to have souls, but when a corporation that is not operated for profit calmly announces that it does not any longer propose to keep faith in the beneficent social enterprise in which it has long been engaged, the reminder seems to be rubbed in with peculiar harshness and brutality. When, in addition, it appears that the corporation in question has been run on a low plane of intelligence, and that policies which would have done discredit to an amateur in merchandising or finance have produced their natural fruit in virtual bankruptcy, the most sympathetic critic may well wonder whether the boasted efficiency of American business possesses, after all, the high virtues that have been claimed for it.

The recent announcement by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching that the pensions which it has been paying, or which it has expressed its intention to pay, to retired teachers in American and Canadian colleges and universities would, after May 1, be materially reduced came as a rude shock to the more than 800 actual beneficiaries of the fund which the Foundation administers, and to the approximately 3,400 teachers now in service who will become eligible to pensions in due course. The reason for the proposed reduction is the depletion of the income of the Foundation to a point where drastic retrenchment is necessary. The reduction, it appears, is to take two forms. The maximum allowances of $2,400 a year to professors who retire at the age of sixty-five, and of $3,600 to those retiring at seventy, are to be cut down severely in the case of future pensionables, while a less severe reduction is to be applied to the minimum allowance of $1,000 a year. At Smith College, for example, according to President Neilson, the maximum pension under the new scheme for a professor who retires at sixty-eight will be only $1,280. The 800-odd professors who are now receiving allowances under the noncontributory plan that was in force until November, 1915, when the noncontributory list was closed, will also have their pensions reduced, but outright payments, not exceeding $500 a year in any case, will, it is said, be made by the Carnegie Corporation, a different organization from the Foundation, to make up some of the difference between the former pension and the new one.

The history of the Carnegie Foundation's pension system, looked at from either the educational or the financial point of view, is an amazing story. The original gift of Andrew Carnegie, made in 1905, was $10,000,000. It was Carnegie's opinion, expressed to the trustees to whom the administration of the gift was committed, that the income of this fund would be sufficient "to provide retiring pensions for the teachers of universities, colleges, and technical schools in our country, Canada, and Newfoundland." Whether or not an annual income of $500,000 would suffice to give effect to Carnegie's generous intention was, of course, a question which could be answered only after a most careful and thorough inquiry into the probable number of persons then eligible for pensions on such basis of academic qualifications as the Foundation might adopt, the ages and length of service of the various classes of professors, the probable increase in the number of pensionables, and the effect of future salary increases in case the pensions were allotted on the basis of some fixed percentage of the salary.

It would be idle for the Foundation to insist that the data available on these points in 1905 were insufficient to enable it to make a reasonably accurate forecast of its probable obligations. The information was abundant, and it was as accessible in 1905 as similar information has been at any time since. Moreover, the field was open. It was for the Foundation to say, wholly within its own discretion, what academic standards should be erected to entitle an institution to a place on its approved list, what age limits or previous terms of service should be prescribed for its beneficiaries, what relation, if any, should be established between the salary and the pension, and what effect a salary increase should have upon a pension already granted at a lower salary rate. Ordinary business intelligence dictated that such matters should be examined and determined "down to the ground" before any scheme of retiring allowances was announced. What the Foundation did, on the contrary, was to blunder from the beginning. If it acted upon expert advice, its advisers turned out to be singularly inexpert. It has continued to blunder along throughout the twenty-four years since its fund was established, notwithstanding that the original fund has been increased from $10,000,000 to nearly $31,000,000, first by an additional Carnegie gift of $5,000,000 to permit the inclusion of professors in State-supported institutions, and later by large gifts from the Carnegie Corporation; and notwithstanding, further, that it has shifted to another corporation the task of providing retiring allowances for teachers who were not in November, 1915, in the service of institutions that had been approved up to that date. Now, with more than three times the principal fund with which it started, it is virtually bankrupt, if bankruptcy means the inability to make good its financial assurances, and the professors must stand the loss.

It is not the first time that the American professoriate has been mulcted in damages for its confidence. When the

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pension scheme was inaugurated, the contribution of the Foundation to "the advancement of teaching" took the form of an offer of pensions, to teachers in institutions of approved academic standing, at the retiring age of sixty-five, the amount of the pension being one-half of the average salary for the five years immediately preceding retirement, plus $400. As the actuarial or other calculations upon which the Foundation was supposed to have relied began to demonstrate their inadequacy, the retiring age was raised from sixty-five to seventy, with a reduced allowance for those who retired before seventy. This change, it has been estimated, cut down the number of prospective beneficiaries by about one-third. Then the basis of the average salary for five years was discarded, and the average salary for ten years was substituted. The flat payment of $400 in addition to the average salary also went by the board. The structure of limitation and reduction (the legal phrase "confession and avoidance" comes naturally to mind at this point in the story) was completed by the incorporation of the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association of America, a New York corporation whose capital of $1,000,000 was provided, not by the Carnegie Foundation, but by the Carnegie Corporation, which latter corporation also controls all of the capital stock. To this new organization was transferred, as has been said, the provision of insurance or other benefits, on a cooperative and contributory basis, for all teachers who were not in November, 1915, connected with institutions to which the Foundation's pensions had at any time been extended.

Why has the Carnegie Foundation now gone on the rocks? Primarily, we are told, because professors' salaries have increased. Where the average salary in 1913, it is said, was $2,750, the average in 1925 was $5,400. As a consequence, an aggregate pension payment of about $600,000 in 1913 had grown, in 1927, to a total of $1,334,000. Five per cent interest on $30,857,000, the reported principal of the Foundation's fund at the present time, is $1,542,850, leaving a balance of $208,850 for overhead and other expenses after a pension expenditure of $1,334,000 is provided for—a sum amply sufficient, it would seem, for salaries, office charges, educational investigations, and other expenses of even a somewhat elaborate educational enterprise; but the authorities of the Foundation have sniffed the approach of rough weather, and the leaky ship is taking in sail at the professors' expense.

The rude debacle of which the professors have been made the victims suggests two or three observations. The first relates to the character of the intellectual performance which has brought the Carnegie Foundation to its present pass. The calculations upon which a pension organization should be expected, under ordinary circumstances, to base its plans of payment are akin to those of any life insurance company in so far as they deal with the expectation of life in the class of persons who are eligible as beneficiaries. To these calculations are to be added, where the benefits are to be restricted to a definite class or group, an estimate of the probable number of beneficiaries to be provided for over a series of years. It does not seem that it would have been a crushing intellectual feat for the Foundation, with every facility for obtaining information and expert advice, to have met these elementary requirements. Yet as early as 1909, only four years after the Carnegie gift was made, Professor J. McKeen Cattell made public a calculation which showed that "a complete pension system for academic teachers might require two hundred times the income of the Foundation" as it then stood. Granting, for the sake of argument, that Professor Cattell's scheme proposed the inclusion of a far larger number of academic teachers than the Foundation was disposed to regard as eligible, it is nevertheless apparent that the calculations, if any, upon which the Foundation relied were wide of the mark. In 1916 a commission which the Foundation felt compelled to appoint, after the American Association of University Professors had eviscerated one of its proposed changes of plan, reported that prospective pensions called at that time for more than four times the income of the Foundation for 1917. No one supposes that the Foundation intended to land itself in such a dilemma, but its intellectual treatment of the situation was stupid.

In a statement given out on April 11, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Foundation, was quoted as saying, in substance, that "the Foundation had always given notice that higher salaries would necessitate pension changes." Dr. Pritchett offers a poor justification for the procedure which the Foundation has followed If a material increase in average salaries was reasonably to be expected, common business prudence dictated that the Foundation, unless it was able to foresee commensurate additions to its funds, should not launch a pension scale to which it could not adhere. Yet today, with more than three times the annual income with which it began, the Foundation is compelled to make a further drastic cut in its retiring allowances because salaries have risen, and this notwithstanding that a large part of its prospective obligations were shifted to another organization years ago.

It would seem only natural to assume, further, that a corporation charged with the administration of a fund intended to make academic life more attractive should not only have done its best to cut its coat according to the cloth, but should also have had some reasonably consistent theory of the principle upon which it was acting. At this point the Foundation has backed and filled deplorably. At the outset, apparently, a professorial pension was regarded, as it should be regarded, as a kind of deferred salary payment, an honorable retiring allowance designed to make good, in some measure at least, the income which the professor could not be expected to insure from savings. By 1916, however, the pension had become a "very gracious and noble charity," a sop from the rich to relieve the necessities of the poor. Now, we are told, the noncontributory pension represents a giving of something for nothing, an anti-social largesse which the Foundation should not be expected to defend. Whether, because salaries have increased, Dr. Pritchett assumes that a saving which was impracticable before has become practicable now is not clear, but any one who knows the actual conditions of academic life in this country knows that the rise in salaries which has driven the Foundation into virtual bankruptcy has taken place only within a very few years, that only a small percentage of teachers of professorial rank enjoy the maximum salary in any institution, and that the salary increase has been accompanied by a portentous rise in living costs.

There remains the serious question of moral obligation. It is true that pension agreements are not, as a rule, enforceable legal contracts as against all contingencies, and the Foundation undoubtedly has the law on its side in arbitrarily cutting down the scale of payments to which it has hitherto

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ıered; but when an agreement has been regularly made definitely stated terms, and the beneficiaries of the agreent have fulfilled the requirements that have been set up, noral obligation has been created which the controlling ty may not disregard without doing violence to good faith. is the good faith of the Carnegie Foundation that has been pugned, as it was a dozen or more years ago when the nerican Association of University Professors challenged another repudiation of the pension assurances. "The Foundation's record," a *Nation* reviewer wrote on August 2, 1919, "is full of evasion, shuffling, misstatement, omission of important and damaging points, assumption of a lofty superiority, and all the attendant qualities of the autocratic psychology." To that all but overwhelming condemnation is now to be added the odium of conduct which the American professoriate will assuredly regard as dishonorable.

Tax Scandals and the Farmers

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., April 22

N looking over the succession of tax scandals which has coincided with Andrew Mellon's administration of the Federal Treasury, it is hard to decide which is more narkable—the enormity and boldness of the proceedings emselves, or the silence of the newspapers concerning em. Excepting only the era of war-time censorship, it is obable that no period in the Government's history has tnessed the suppression of so many first-class news stories. ıe Couzens investigation of the Bureau of Internal Reve-e, which produced shocking revelations of graft and faritism, some of them touching Mr. Mellon's personal interests, went almost unnoticed. The "Dukes Mixture nendment," which began as a greedy intrigue on behalf a few Methodist and Baptist preachers in North Caroa, and ended with the Government handing back more ın $80,000,000 in inheritance taxes to the heirs of the gest estates in the country, was almost universally igred. The recent astounding disclosure that more than ,000,000,000 in refunds, credits, and abatements have en turned back under Mr. Mellon, received scant atıtion save in a small section of the daily press. It has en enough to make a journeyman reporter forget his ofessional loyalty long enough to wonder whether the wspapers themselves have participated in the general cake tting. Thus it is hardly surprising to note that the latest—d one of the very rawest—instances of government aid to extremely wealthy has met with widespread neglect by daily press. I allude to the act of the Board of Tax peals this week in voiding an assessment of more than 0,000,000 on the estate of the late John Wanamaker, nous department-store magnate. The suppression in this e is the more remarkable when one observes the amusg history of the case, because if there is one thing sufficnt to overcome the natural hostility of editors to news is a funny story.

* * * * *

FOR some reason the framers of the revenue act seemed to entertain a strange suspicion regarding the patriotn and civic consciousness of American millionaires. They prehended that the owners of great fortunes might seek escape the payment of their just taxes to the Governnt by transferring their estates to their intended heirs fore they died. Accordingly, they made the act provide at such transfers would not avail to prevent the payment estate taxes, unless it was plain that they were not made contemplation of death. In 1920 John Wanamaker transferred his entire estate to his son, Rodman. Less than two years later he died. The estate was appraised by federal tax collectors at more than $41,000,000, and an assessment slightly in excess of $10,000,000 was levied against it, on the ground that the elder Wanamaker made the transfer "in contemplation of death." The Board of Tax Appeals overturned this finding, holding that the transfer was not made "in contemplation of death," since at the time he made it Mr. Wanamaker was only eighty-two years old, and "death was farthest from his mind"!

* * * * *

IN defending its belief that the venerable octogenarian had no thought of death, the board succeeded in composing some of the most naive and entertaining prose it has ever been my good fortune to read. It quotes a witness who said that Mr. Wanamaker once declared that he "expected to live to be a hundred." It pictures him teaching a Sunday-school class, taking cruises on his yacht, and writing numerous endearing letters to his family. True, the board concedes, he had sustained for several years an artificial tube in his body, and the necessity of changing it frequently required the constant attendance of a physician. Nevertheless, his general health was "exceedingly good," and he took virtually no medicine—"a little strychnia as a tonic and a bracer, a little digitalis to nourish his heart, a little atrophine to steady his heart action, and an occasional dose of whiskey at night. For his (frequent) colds, a little tincture of belladonna and liquor potassium citrate in a little syrup of lemon." As final and conclusive proof that Mr. Wanamaker looked forward to a long period of life and health, it reports that shortly before his end an acquaintance asked him to attend a celebration and make a speech in 1932, to which the magnate replied: "I see no reason why I shouldn't if I'm alive."

* * * * *

ANY lingering hopes which the farmers may have entertained that President Hoover had a solution of the farm problem were finally and completely dispelled by his message to the special session. Boiled down, the message said: "The farm problem is a terrible problem. I have no solution, and I doubt whether anyone else has. I'll tell you what let's do—let's create a Farm Board and give it a lot of money and see if it can find a solution." The inside chances are that Congress will do just that. It will not be quite so easy, however, and there is an outside chance that the President eventually will find himself facing a dilemma similar to that which his great predecessor faced—

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and met, by vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill. Only in Hoover's case the words "equalization fee" would be changed to "debenture plan." The Senate Committee on Agriculture gave an intimation of its feeling when it voted unanimously to include the debenture provision in the bill which it submitted to the Senate.

* * * * *

THAT the debenture plan possesses two outstanding virtues which the equalization fee lacked, is granted by friends and foes alike: it is simple, and its operation would not be costly. Both plans have the same purpose; both aim to compensate the farmer for the loss which he suffers by selling his products on the world market while purchasing his necessities in a protected market. The outstanding difference between the two is just this: under the equalization fee the cost of "making the tariff effective for the farmer" would be borne by the farmers; under the debenture plan, it would be paid out of the Federal Treasury. Undoubtedly the debenture plan is the more radical of the two; on the other hand it avoids the objection of "class discrimination" which the cool Calvin so heatedly raised against the fee. The debenture plan simply contemplates that on the chief staple products exported by American farmers they shall receive a bonus equal to one-half the tariff duties that would be levied on an identical volume of imports. Thus, the tariff on wheat is 42 cents a bushel. For each bushel of wheat exported by him, the farmer would receive a debenture certificate of the face value of 21 cents, which would be accepted by the Government in payment of tariff duties on imports. Since farmers do little direct importing, it is expected that they would sell the certificates—at a slight discount—to persons in the importing business.

* * * * *

IT is argued in support of the plan that it would do for agriculture precisely what the protective tariff already does for manufacturing, and it is added that the ultimate burden would fall on precisely the same class, to wit, the consuming public. What Mr. Hoover would do about it is not known at this writing.* Under the Senate bill the option of putting the plan in operation would be left to the proposed Farm Board. Consequently, to those who may contend that the President does not want the plan, its supporters can reply that he will control the board, and that the plan will never be employed until he elects to try it.

This writer has no desire to find fault with Mr. Hoover because he has no solution of the farm problem. A legislative remedy may be impossible. But I could wish that Mr. Hoover and his supporters had been more candid about the matter in their campaign speeches.

* * * * *

THE question of how far a public official should go in accepting personal favors from private sources that expect to benefit thereby, probably is not susceptible of a definite ruling. It has been raised again, and this time in spectacular fashion, by the discovery that Vice-President Charles Curtis is paying less than one-half of the regular rental rate for the luxurious suite which he occupies in the Mayflower Hotel. The hotel management frankly admits that it expects to make up the difference through the value of the advertising which the Vice-President's presence brin The regular rental for the 11-room apartment is $22,5 a year. The salary of the Vice-President is $15,000. Wh Mr. Curtis was asked about the matter he angrily repli that what he paid was "nobody's damned business," a added that he "could have had a five-room suite at t Willard Hotel for nothing." It was at the Willard th Calvin Coolidge resided while Vice-President. The ma ager of the Willard, in reply to questions, asserted th Vice-President Coolidge had paid for his apartment, b when asked whether he paid the regular rates, answere "That is a matter between him and us." The writer r marked to him that the presence of the Vice-President a peared to have a distinct commercial value to a hotel, a to that he replied: "Well, this is the seat of the Gover ment, and the Vice-President is the second ranking offic of the Government." Apparently social precedence is n the only perquisite which goes with that office.

* * * * *

INCIDENTALLY, Secretary of State Stimson showe himself a born diplomat in ending the controversy ov the social status of Mrs. Edward E. Gann, Vice-Preside Curtis's sister. He did it by putting the burden of the d cision on the diplomatic corps, and simultaneously ind cating to the corps that he wanted the verdict to be i Mrs. Gann's favor. It was an act worthy of a Talleyran and Sir Esme Howard indicated that he and his colleagu thought as much. At any rate, it is settled, and Mrs. Gan hereafter will sit above the wives of Ambassadors, Senator and Justices of the Supreme Court, while Mr. Gann will s wherever he can find a vacant chair. His acquaintanc report that he is curiously tranquil over the situation.

In the Driftway

"WITH the summary of 'The Goodman of Paris published in a recent issue of *The Natio* [March 6, page 285], still fresh in my mind, have just come across another archaic volume entitled 'Ad vice to a Wife and Mother,' by Pye Henry Chavasse, a English surgeon and physician," writes Stella Klein fro Astoria, Long Island. "Advice to a Wife and Mother" wa published five centuries later than "The Goodman of Paris, but it seems to reflect little change in the attitude towar women. The philosophy of both books seems about equall remote from the modern viewpoint. Can it be, the Drifte wonders, if the last fifty years have witnessed a greate change in the status of women than the entire five centurie preceding it? Anyhow let Miss Klein tell about her volume

> Published in 1880, it gives one a vivid insight into the mode of life, morals, and duties of the wife of that period. The quotation on the title-page, "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the walls of thine house," is significant. The volume is replete with warnings as to what to avoid in order to retain health and beauty. "Crouching over the fire, as many do, is ruinous to health and strength and comeliness. It will make her nervous. It will disorder and enfeeble her stomach and thus make her dyspeptic; and if she be dyspeptic, she will, she must be dispirited. The finest complexion in a lady I ever saw belonged to one

* Mr. Anderson wrote this the day before Mr. Hoover's letter to Senator McNary.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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who would never go, even in the coldest weather, near the fire: although she was *nearly thirty years of age,* her cheeks were like roses." (The italics are my own.)

* * * * *

SPEAKING further of the author of "Advice to a Wife and Mother" Miss Klein says:

The writer had what was doubtless the popular opinion of a woman's duties. "She is not expected to do any grand work; her province lies in a contrary direction—in gentleness, in cheerfulness, in contentment, in housewifery, in care and management of her children, in sweetening her husband's cup of life, when it is, as it often is, a better one, in abnegation of self: these are emphatically a woman's rights."

I find the doctor very modern. He decries the fact that "It is, forsooth, unladylike for a girl to eat much; it is unladylike for her to work at all; it is unladylike for her to take a long walk; it is unladylike for her to go into the kitchen; it is unladylike for her to have a bloom upon her cheek, like unto a milkmaid!"

There is detailed advice as to how a lady may bathe herself without bad effects ensuing and "if a lady have not been accustomed to a thorough ablution, of her whole body, let her if possible before commencing take a trip to the coast and have a few dips in the sea; after which she might at once go through the processes advised with safety, comfort, and advantage. It might be said it will take time and trouble daily to cleanse the whole of the skin."

* * * * *

IT may be remarked that the lady presented by Dr. Chavasse, though possibly known to English gentility and to our own more sophisticated circles fifty years ago, had little resemblance to the American woman of the agricultural regions (unless in the Old South) or of the frontier. But perhaps even among the latter she was looked up to as the ideal. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Brave Thinking"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of April 10 quotes the opinion of the *New Masses* as to what is wrong with *The Nation.* "Sin and gin will not help; . . . a Broadway night club is not a nursery for brave thinking. Mr. Villard might do better if he panhandled his bed and board along the Bowery." I do not think the Bowery is exactly the cradle of brave thinking, either, nor the *New Masses* its godfather. When the *New Masses* poses as a champion of brave thinking, I find it impossible to withhold the following facts:

When I returned from Europe a couple of years ago this "free magazine" invited me to become a member of the Executive Board and a regular contributor. I accepted, and contributed an article about Lenin, in which I advanced some slightly unorthodox views of his treatment of the sacred dogmas of Marxism—also some hint of the need for a revolutionary revision of those dogmas. At the bidding of the officialdom of the Workers Party, the editors—the present editor dominating—ordered all such heresies to cease. I was informed that no contributions involving a hint of my fundamental political opinions would be published in this "free magazine," which had invited me into its bosom.

Shortly after that, Trotzky and Zinoviev were expelled from the Russian Communist Party, and I proposed to the editors that I write a brief article on the event from the standpoint of the expelled, and someone else from the standpoint of the party organization. Again under pressure from the heads of the Workers Party, these exponents of brave thinking rejected my proposal. They decided to say nothing on either side of the question which then most interested them and their readers. They were afraid of losing circulation if boycotted by the party, and of surrendering the pretense to be a free magazine if they took the straight party position.

I resigned from the magazine with a brief letter, stating that it was neither a "free magazine" nor a "New Masses," that a better name for it would be the "Yellow Masses." And to crown a fine record of brave thinking, they refrained from publishing my letter of resignation.

It might do Mr. Villard, and most of us, good, to panhandle our way along the Bowery, but the only cure for a lack of brave thinking is brave thinking. *The Nation* will not learn that from the *New Masses.* The *New Masses* publishes many good things, but its fundamental policy is to put revolutionary sentimentalism in the place of thinking.

Croton-on-Hudson, April 14 MAX EASTMAN

The French Debt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am surprised that in your editorial, A Vexing War Debt, in the issue of March 6 you make no comment on the morality of the procedure which you assume will be employed to force ratification of the Mellon-Bérenger war-debt agreement by the French Parliament. Yet on the face of it, to refuse refunding of one debt on any terms in order to force ratification of another agreement is not merely bullying but is financially so unfriendly an act as to verge on what might be termed "financial war." On the other hand, of course, it may be stated that it is consistent with the policy of our government since the Mellon-Bérenger agreement was made of disapproving of public loans to the French Government.

The matter seems to me of special interest because of its relationship to the efforts toward international arbitration and the removal of the causes of war. If individual nations, financially strong, are to use that strength to coerce others less strong, and dictate to them what they shall do and what they shall agree to, peaceable settlement of international questions does not look promising. It is the principle involved which seems to me a dangerous precedent. For were France in the position of most other nations, aside from ourselves, payment of such a large lump sum would be likely to cause serious disturbance in its whole financial structure.

In this particular case, however, France is at present apparently in a fortunate position. While the Bank of France is a separate entity from the French Government, it is, of course, closely allied to it. The Bank of France has been estimated to hold commercial credits, presumably in the form of demand notes, to the sums of about $800,000,000 in London and $400,000,000 in New York. If the French Government is forced to it, it can probably arrange to draw on those credits to make the required payment. The Bank of France and the French Government in that case would perhaps not wish to exhaust their credit in New York and might either demand the payment be made by the Bank of England, or make payment from the credit in New York and thereafter draw on the London credit to place in New York the amount they might wish to keep in the form of credit here. If payment is made as described above and funds be drawn from Lon-

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don either to pay or to replenish the supply of funds in New York, it will be interesting to see how it affects the money markets in London and New York. The matter seems fraught with important possibilities, if the French Parliament refuses to be bullied and the bankers do not discover a means of reducing the violence of the blow.

New York, March 7 HUNTINGTON ADAMS

Canadian Tariffs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for April 10 you say: "Western Canada has declared war upon those intemperate and short-sighted groups in the United States who are asking for higher duties on Canadian farm products. Agricultural organizations, boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and associations of farmers and fruit growers are urging the Canadian Parliament to raise a tariff wall 'brick for brick' with the United States barrier." This is a palpable misrepresentation of the situation.

The Americans who are crying for higher duties on Canadian farm products are certainly intemperate and short-sighted. But Western Canada is not urging the Government to combat American tariffs with Canadian tariffs. Some Eastern manufacturers and Eastern members of Parliament have raised this issue, but only a very few Western boards of trade and some misguided fruit growers have asked for increased rates on goods from the United States. As for farmers' organizations crying for a higher tariff—it simply is not done.

ERWIN KREUTZWEISER

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, April 11

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Harcourt Brace & Company New York

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Books and Plays

Inheritance

(For Maud and Frank)

By EDA LOU WALTON

Here where the mountains bow to no high hand
blessing the stream, but tower to the cloud,
you two have fenced within a little land
the passion of the proud.

Trees never yours have gathered to your fields
and darken the white orchards and the grain,
knowing they root in soil which never yields
its dryness to the rain.

From rock-bed springs these feed, and you have sunk
tentacles too in sources as remote,
and looking graniteward to heaven have drunk
the earthy antidote.

Over your cabin, damoclean drawn,
the silver-bladed fir suspends in air
its heaviest arm, and any sudden dawn
may snap its thread. O where

then the thin roof above your solid wall
builded of logs? Uncovered to the light
rooms that were forests till the signal fall
of axe, and rope, and night.

You have no fear to gather to your nest
all the wind forces and the rain leaves free;
planting these giants deep within your breast,
you know your destiny;

for you have strength to welcome in the sun
and lay it blazing on your hearth for fire,
ransack the woodland for your home, and run
full-circle of desire.

What child shall cry you parenthood may leap
free of an agony all unafraid;
climb the dark canyon where wet shadows creep
down the eroded grade,

and pile sharp stone against sharp stone and dam
his pooling loneliness within
until it rises level with a man's
arm-pit and with his chin;

then he may swim it golden under gold,
stroke its dark breast, and turn
shoreward to pine and mountain, and the mold
wherein his clean mind burns;

And live there freely with a new command
of snow-soft world and cloud,
bird-winged and undefeated in a land
your loneliness has ploughed.

The Prosecuting Attorney

Politics and Criminal Prosecution. By Professor Raymond Moley. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR MOLEY has accurately drawn the picture of power possessed by the American prosecutor. His hegemony in the field of the administration of criminal law has, as Professor Moley points out, been to a large extent overlooked. Professor Moley demonstrates beyond the possibility of successful dispute that politics may control the prosecutor and hence in a very great degree the administration of criminal law. That the office of a prosecutor may be used by him to pay political debts or to build the foundations of a political career—not by his efficiency and honesty but by the organization of a personal political machine—is of course true. That the American prosecutor has done these things is not proved. This could only be proved by a thorough and reliable investigation of individual cases, a task for which no individual is equipped. Professor Moley says:

> Most important of all, the office thus vested with power is in reality sought and used for purposes of partisan politics. Its personnel, methodology, and influence are determined by political exigency.

This thought—unproved—runs through the book. If Professor Moley means to say that the office may be so sought, so used, and so administered, he is on solid ground. If he means to say, as he seems to, that the office is generally so sought, so used, and so administered, he commits glaring and libelous error. He has not carefully examined the records of Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, Henry A. Wise, William Travers Jerome, Charles S. Whitman, and many others.

It is quite sufficient, however, for Professor Moley to analyze the powerful office of the prosecutor. The power of the office is a sufficient predicate for the thesis that it should be wholly divorced from politics. Changes in methods of selection and a change in tradition are both required. A prosecutor should owe about as many political debts and be about as politically ambitious as the principal of a high school or a surgeon. Anything that Professor Moley or anyone else can do to remove prosecutors and the judiciary from political origins, regardless of the high character of individual incumbents, should be welcomed.

The larger portion of Professor Moley's book is devoted to a discussion of the efficiency of the prosecutor and not to his political prostitution. Experienced prosecutors will not agree with his criticisms of "taking pleas to lesser offenses." One of the troubles with the administration of criminal law in America is that it is neither swift nor sure. So many reformers, crime commissions, and writers chase the rainbow of severity. Suppose a man to be indicted for grand larceny. He is willing to plead guilty to petit larceny where the maximum sentence is one year, let us say, rather than gamble on a trial and be convicted of grand larceny where the maximum sentence is five years. Both prosecutor and judge realize that a year's imprisonment answers every purpose of punishment. If these officials are animated solely by motives of public welfare and not by political motives, the administration of justice is much advanced. The remedy here, as in other places, is not to hamper the office but to secure the right incumbent.

Professor Moley attaches undue significance to the number of arrests by police officers which do not result in the prosecution of the persons arrested. It is a matter of common knowledge that police officers arrest many persons in large cities

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without adequate basis. The daily "line-up" in certain cities includes many persons known to be professional criminals whom it is sought to harass and drive from the city.

Professor Moley offers no easy remedy for the ills he posits. He sketchily suggests different "developments" which he anticipates. To place the responsibility for statewide prosecutions in the hands of an attorney-general, as suggested, would result in too much centralization.

The writer of this review suggests a variant: The governor, or the attorney-general, should appoint county prosecutors, or, where counties are sparsely populated, circuit prosecutors covering more than one county. The attorney-general should not have supervisory power over these prosecutors. Otherwise we should have cases constantly being "tried" and interfered with at the seat of government. However, the governor should have the power to remove the local prosecutor in special cases and substitute the attorney-general whenever such action appears to him to be required by the public interest. This will afford sufficient spur and check. A public opinion should then be developed requiring the appointment of competent men of high character. This public opinion can function when focused upon the appointing power. It cannot so successfully function at a political convention or in a nominating committee room at political headquarters. Hence, the undesirability of having elective prosecutors or judges. While the title of Professor Moley's book is "overwritten," the volume is a welcome addition to our scanty and unsatisfactory literature upon the administration of criminal law.

EMORY R. BUCKNER

Swinburne's Place

Swinburne. By Samuel C. Chew. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

THE publication of the Bonchurch Edition of Swinburne's works gives Professor Chew a fitting occasion to issue the study of Swinburne upon which he has been engaged for many years. He has brought to his record of the poet's life and to the interpretation of his poems and dramas the same shrewdness of method and judgment which was apparent in his earlier studies of Hardy and Byron; and he has succeeded in giving us a considerable number of incidents which are lacking in the biographies of Edmund Gosse and Harold Nicolson, and an estimate which, though admittedly prejudiced in favor of Swinburne's rich imaginative powers and stylistic virtuosity, ranks considerably above those of Drinkwater, T. Earle Welby, and Woodberry, finding its place with the studies of Mackail, Lafourcade, and Paul de Reul. Our previous studies of this poet have been so largely devoted to textual and thematic analyses of the "Poems and Ballads," "Atalanta in Calydon," and the "Songs Before Sunrise," that it is particularly gratifying to find Mr. Chew turning for his longer chapters to the Arthurian poems, the dramatic tragedies, and the critical essays and studies. Swinburne was one of those poets who had, behind his lyric art, the elaborate equipment of a scholar. The lay reader recalls, in Max Beerbohm's "No. 2 The Pines," the quickening of interest that came to the old poet when Cyrano de Bergerac was mentioned in the course of conversation, and his immediate plunge into the achievements, not of Rostand's hero, but of the original satirist and mystic. Swinburne's knowledge of Elizabethan drama, medieval romance, and French lyric traditions was as detailed from the historical point of view as his debt to these sources was great in his actual practice. It is probably the chief merit of Mr. Chew's book that it gives us a just presentation of this side of its hero.

The sheer bulk of Swinburne's work, lacking though it often is in qualities of rich design and fulness of concept, gives to students of literature a body of versions and reconstructions of traditional themes which has been investigated only slightly. The Arthurian poems, "Chastelard," and "Mary Stuart" have all been studied from this angle, but Mr. Chew, in his discussion of "The Queen-Mother," "Marino Faliero," "The Sisters," and "Rosamond" opens to students the necessity for a much more thoroughgoing examination of these works in comparison with their sources and for a more complete appraisal of Swinburne's place in the development of their various themes in English literature. The chapter on Swinburne's reviews and criticisms is particularly able in its discussion of the poet's views on art. The essays on Shakespeare, Hugo, Byron, and Blake are, of course, generally known and their contribution to the interpretation of their subjects recognized, but here our interest is revived in the papers on Webster, Ford, Marlowe, and the other Elizabethans; in the studies of French romantic sources; and in the various papers on aesthetics and artists which make Swinburne's role in nineteenth-century art more important than is generally admitted.

Throughout the book Mr. Chew's sympathy for Swinburne is strong and emphatic, yet, by aid of a cue which is probably taken from Edmund Gosse, he does not allow this enthusiasm to obscure the prominence of certain unfortunate facts: the uncritical extravagance which led to so many errors in taste and expression; the self-indulgence which finally brought to Watts-Dunton his opportunity as rescuing angel and to Swinburne the smug oblivion of Putney; the imitative docility of the poet; his fatal sentimentality; the unsustained inspiration which made his last long years a period of protracted anti-climax. Swinburne suffered because his work marked a transition and a compromise. He lacked the high genius necessary to dominate the confusions of his inspiration.

Mr. Chew's final pages of estimate and comparison do not quite avoid the danger of exalting his hero above his true significance. Yet our recent view of the poet has insisted too much on his aesthetic banalities and his failure in positive standards. "He is not of the first order of poets nor, perhaps, even of second rank," but we must agree that "his place among English poets whose work belongs exclusively to the second half of the nineteenth century is indisputably first."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Pitiless Satire

Round Up. The Stories of Ring Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IT was a good idea to collect Mr. Lardner's stories. Reading thirty-five of them at one enthusiastic clip gives one a perspective difficult to obtain from a perusal of his single, rather slim volumes.

Qualities for which he has been loudly praised begin to appear as rather less important than certain over-intellectual critics would have us believe. Mr. Lardner's use of the "American language," for example, which is highly accurate mimicry at its best, and a bit mechanical at its worst, on the whole appears merely as a refinement on the daily efforts of a dozen sports-writers and journalists whom one might readily call to mind. The "American language" was unfortunately discovered by a class of people which never uses it; and it was inevitable that they should be almost comically rapturous over those who, like Mr. Lardner and Mr. Lewis, have the knack of putting down on paper Americanisms which had been the casual stock-in-trade of vaudeville monologists for many years. The gift of mimicry is perhaps the least important of Mr.

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Lardner's many gifts; certainly it is not the one he himself would care most to be remembered by.

Mr. Lardner has also been praised as a humorous writer. He is popularly supposed to be a funny man. If these collected stories do not absolutely give the lie to this conception, they at least tend to modify it greatly. True, there is an acridly farcical side to Mr. Lardner which expresses itself in such made-to-order tales as The Facts. These stories are magazine fabrications, pure and simple, and the author would be the last person in the world to claim more for them. There are also a number of baseball stories which at times appear to contain a sort of kindly humor. At the risk of being called sentimental, one might affirm that baseball is the only American activity for which Mr. Lardner has any kindness. Although he is well aware that basically the national game is as highly and as spicily commercialized as modern politics, he prefers (and not merely for business reasons) to dwell on its more farcical side. Yet essentially he is not a humorist at all. I can laugh at P. G. Wodehouse and A. A. Milne, but I drew only one real guffaw from "Round Up." Mr. Lardner is the deadliest because the coldest of American writers. Unlike Sinclair Lewis, he is without a soft streak. He really hates his characters, hates them so much that he has ceased to be indignant at them. There is almost no emotion left. His satire is absolutely negative; that is why it will never cause a revolution in American manners, as "Main Street," in its minor way, did. No one is uneasy under the whiplash of Mr. Lardner's scorn, for he is not really worked up about anything. Paradoxically enough, this is one of the reasons which enables this complete misanthrope to appear in the most popular and genial of our weekly magazines. He never rails at the crowd because he has passed beyond raillery. I speak here, of course, only of those half dozen really amazing stories that have issued from the deepest layer of Mr. Lardner's mind: Haircut, Champion, A Day with Conrad Green, The Love Nest, The Golden Honeymoon, and My Roomy (which, superficially a Four Marx Brothers comedy, is really one of the most coldly horrible stories ever written).

What kinds of people emerge from these pages? Mental sadists, intolerable gossipers, brainless flirts, interfering morons, liars, brutes, spiteful snobs, vulgar climbers, detestably selfish sons and daughters, dipsomaniacal chorus girls, senile chatterers, idiotically complacent husbands, mean arrivistes, drunks, snoopers, poseurs, and bridge-players. Americans all. The most terrible collection of individuals who manage to be at once selfish and brainless that any single writer has ever gathered together in one book. Funny? I think not. If one smiles at them at all, it is a sour smile of superiority in which no mirth resides. If these stories are "funny," so is "Gulliver's Travels."

The really horrible fact about Mr. Lardner's devastating technique is that it applies equally well to all classes of society. The same cliches, the same blank unimaginativeness, the same snobbery are found in telephone girl and debutante, small-town drummer and millionaire. Years ago, when Ring Lardner was the best sports-writer in America, it was easy for him to show up ball-players as boneheads. Today, when, for geographical reasons, he is forced to frequent the mansions of Great Neckers, with the same ease he reveals millionaires and grandes dames as picayune and venomous. Far better than any other contemporary chronicle, his stories develop the basically democratic character of America: a democracy of snobs, fools, and moral cowards. We are all equal because we are all base. Where all are ignoble, there is no class division.

That Mr. Lardner's coldly contemptuous picture is the product merely of his own idiosyncratic temperament is indisputable; but those who make the point believe that they are defending America when they are merely defining an artist.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Minor Characters

Dark Star. By Lorna Moon. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Into the Wind. By Richard Warren Hatch. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Thumbcap Weir. By Frances Gillmor. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

The Devil Beats His Wife. By Ben Wasson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Hobby House. By Russell Neale. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

EVERY first novel is either an autobiography or, if one may coin a word, a locobiography. In the former the author himself has the stage and interests his readers by giving himself away. In the novel of local color, the background is played up and should determine character. Minor characters, true to the setting (usually, in a first novel, that in which the young author has actually lived) are quaintly and often completely drawn. The major characters, the inevitable young lovers who might as well live in Ohio on a river boat as in Ireland for all that any one cares, are still, alas, the only characters who determine a novel's success. There must be lovers—young lovers who grow up inoffensively and not in accord with modern psychology, and who arrive at the proper age for marriage somewhere within the last third of the story. These young lovers must suffer as a result of a cruel past or a cruel present or, in the locobiography, as the result of the presence of a native villain. Either they marry and live happily, or they don't. If they are not allowed this privilege, they may commit suicide or face an empty future. Whatever happens to them, it is their movements that the ordinary reader follows, giving not a jot for the romantic South or the dirty river-flat or for the "silver whisper of incoming schools of herring."

We almost never meet, in fiction, an integrated individualistic lover. Lovers are lovers, and all that they need do is to love. Minor characters, on the other hand, must plow fields in coastal New England or buffet storms near Thumbcap Weir, or choke undesirable mothers in Ireland, or love with heavy tenderness cancerous husbands. They may, like Aunt Ann in Mr. Wasson's novel, love Southern children only and not bastards of Yankees, or like Peary in "Hobby House," evolve an unusual system for henpecking husbands. Many are more typical than individual, but others, escaping their painted background, demand to be understood as does Meg of "Dark Star," and Middle Archie of "Thumbcap Weir." Allotted very little space, such characters act quickly and rigorously. Hence one remembers them for weeks during which one may have devoured ten to a dozen lovers.

These novelists, all of tender age, so far as I can discover, with the possible exception of Richard Warren Hatch, differ amazingly little in technique. Frances Gillmor has greatest felicity of language, Lorna Moon more intensity. Russell Neale is a bit dull. He knows the dialect of his poor whites and makes them use it. His scenery is uninteresting. So are his people. Ben Wasson knows the tricks of plotting. His very usual South has its Mississippi and its rose gardens, its ineffectual gentlewomen and its efficient colored folk. The story holds one until one finds out which of two women prevails. Then it flags. Richard Warren Hatch creates a convincing coastal farm district. His plot is all just a matter of the wandering done by his main character. No one cares where John Bradford goes, nor whether he becomes farmer or sailor; but he *must* marry Welcome. John's intuitive, gentle mother is, however, charming. Here again a minor character defines the atmosphere.

Each of these novels is a good hour's sleepy reading.

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"Thumbcap Weir" might keep one up until twelve-thirty; "Dark Star" until eleven. If one had discovered whose child Narcisse gave birth to by ten-thirty, he would close the book in favor of bed. The others would not prop heavy eyelids after ten. And the reader, going to sleep, might dream of the islands of Passamoquoddy where a segregated Scotch community has remained distinct for two centuries, or of the quite marvelous old lady in the dirty village of Pitouie, an old lady who simply would collect everything from crackers to love letters. But of the low-down Hobby-Housers one would not dream at all, nor would anything in all these books give one even a small nightmare. EDA LOU WALTON

Our Relations with Mexico

Mexico. By J. Fred Rippy, José Vasconcelos, Guy Stevens. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE first of a series of American Policies Abroad, published for the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, this pioneer effort sets a high standard. The three essays, all vivid, packed with facts, attack the subject from totally diverse angles. The result is a compact, yet satisfying, presentation of the many issues that have arisen in twenty years' turbulent relationship between the nations facing each other across the Rio Grande. For it is now two decades since the first mutterings of revolution transformed Mexico, viewed in terms of United States relations, from the happiest of hunting grounds for American concessionnaires to a national preserve hedged about with vexing restrictions.

Professor Rippy, with the scholar's detachment, reviews eighteen years' conflict between "the Mexican problem" as it appeared north of the border and south of it, a corresponding effort by the Mexican people to find itself, and blaze the trail of a new national destiny. It is José Vasconcelos, Mexican intellectual, revolutionist, and, as Secretary of Education in Obregón's administration, one of the few important contributors to Mexican progress, who attempts to trace the faltering march along that trail. It is Guy Stevens, American oil man, and adviser to American petroleum interests in Mexico, who makes clear the pitfalls that beset the same pathway.

This trilogy strikingly exposes the high controversiality of the Mexican issue. There is no meeting of the three minds bent on a common expository task. To Vasconcelos it is all a tragic and heroic struggle of his people to emancipate themselves. To Guy Stevens it is the tragic and heroic struggle of American "energetic, pioneer spirits" against being defrauded of rightly won possessions in land and oil by rapacious and dishonest Mexicans. Professor Rippy's position is intermediate but he leans to the side of what may be summed up as "human rights" in contradistinction to "property rights"—an epitomizing, incidentally, to which Mr. Stevens would take emphatic exception. For it is Mr. Stevens's contention that his formula for Mexico would be, "Let the Mexican government do that which is to the best interest of the Mexican people in the long run." Unfortunately his conception of what is to the best interest of the Mexican people is not that of Mexico's political leaders, nor of many Americans familiar with Mexico. Nor is it Professor Rippy's conception. Mr. Stevens projects as his ideal United States ambassador one who is not concerned with "Mexican psychology," but who "refuses to lose sight of the fact that he is the ambassador of the American government and the American people." To Mr. Stevens, Mr. James R. Sheffield was just such an ambassador. On the other hand Professor Rippy writes:

> Having tried diplomatic coercion without signal achievements . . . President Coolidge decided upon a new system of procedure. . . . J. R. Sheffield, whose efforts had long been ineffective in Mexico City, returned to the United States and Dwight W. Morrow was sent down in his place. . . . The whole atmosphere changed immediately.

So, at this writing, the burden of proof, despite a well-reasoned and able presentation of his case, rests with Mr. Stevens. "The American government," which, he feels so strongly, needs representation, seems in the persons of Coolidge and Hoover to prefer Ambassador Morrow to Ambassador Sheffield. "The American people," as evidenced by the unanimous passage by the Senate of the Robinson resolution to arbitrate our difficulties with Mexico, showed marked aversion for the Sheffield bulldozing, and has since exhibited equally definite approval of Mr. Morrow's application of the golden rule to the same problems. Can it be that all are out of step but Guy Stevens? ERNEST GRUENING

Russian Courtroom Tales

The Curious Lottery and Other Tales of Russian Justice. By Walter Duranty. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

WALTER DURANTY is as cynical as he is romantic. Though he thinks he has the soul of a reporter he thrills privately to miniature drama—yet he detests the theater. He is peculiarly sensitive to surroundings and learns, learns, learns. His realism matches his cynicism, and a love of shrill extremes pairs with his romanticism. He is a maze of contradictions. Served with a rich sauce of Oxford culture they make an interesting personality and a winning conversationalist.

Duranty is probably one of the best European correspondents of an American newspaper and I think the reason may be that, without being a politician, he enjoys few things as much as discussing politics. Politics, to him, is a game, a scenic function. Every event tells him its "story" and therefore his dispatches over a period of years could not possibly be packed into one pigeonhole or characterized by one color. The drama of politics and economics is more interesting to Duranty than its intrinsic significance. From such newspaper work to writing up spectacular truths in the form of short stories, and from that to pure fiction are but short, natural steps.

Duranty won this year's O. Henry prize with a product of his imagination—based, to be sure, on a knowledge of civil-war conditions in Russia. But the tales collected here record actual occurrences quite faithfully. The author even insists that that picture of Dzerzhinsky, chief of the Cheka, checking a maddened crowd with a stern, piercing glance and an uplifted finger is taken from life. And why, indeed, invent when all the world's tragedies and comedies lie before one?

"The Curious Lottery" tells the foreign reader far more than many books about Soviet life. Duranty refers indirectly to little Bolshevik reforms, Bolshevik systems, manners, psychology, to the feelings of the people, and to what has happened to them as a result of the revolution. If he did it consciously it is very clever, for he has conveyed a clearer understanding of the way the revolution works in everyday life than all the improvisations of get-wise-quick news salesmen and saleswomen. From this point of view the first eight short trials are of greater value than the longer Return of Boris Savinkov or Shadows of Shakhta.

I sat through the trial of Boris Savinkov with Duranty. To me it was one of the most exciting moments of my life. Duranty has failed to recapture all the thrill and drama of that situation. Perhaps he would do better to serve hors d'œuvres instead of meat and game. LOUIS FISCHER

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Books in Brief

Thirteen Days. By Jeanette Marks. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

This little book is an interesting and often very moving footnote to the unforgettable story of Sacco and Vanzetti. The author was one of the group of intellectuals and workers who could not witness the crucifixion of justice in Massachusetts without a final protest. The book is the record of her own experiences in the last thirteen days. It is not only a personal record but a generous tribute to the men and women engaged in the same high errand. There is a simplicity in the narrative and oftentimes a beauty which stirs one's heart with a sense of personal participation in the sorrows of those memorable days of tragedy in Massachusetts.

Portage, Wisconsin, And Other Essays. By Zona Gale. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In these pleasant essays Zona Gale is continually close to interesting observations. In the terms of that old game of our childhood, she is "warm" all the time and sometimes comes near enough touching fire to be "hot." From the beginning of the title essay ("On one bank of a river it should lie—the town that one means when one says 'small town.' Homes should border the banks, small lawns, sloping to lilacs and willows. The current would be lazy and preoccupied, with leisure for eddies, and daily it would bear old dried trees dislodged from the upstream rocks before the first energy of the water had dissolved into mediation") to discussions of Scholarship and the Spirit, The United States and the Artist, Beauty and the Commonplace, it is continuously interesting and gently provocative of thought. I like the last-named essay best. In it Miss Gale seems to unite successfully those two unlike personalities of hers that have produced so great a cleavage in her work. The author of "Friendship Village" appears here with her delicate perceptions of the beauty behind the homely and the commonplace completely freed from the sentimentality that once engulfed them and suitably wedded to that keener and more sardonic observer who wrote "Miss Lulu Bett." To be sure, the language still retains traces of what seemed to me the pseudo-mysticism of the "Preface to a Life" and other recent books; but the thought expressed, even when occasionally clothed in this language, strikes real sparks of fire.

Foreign Legionaries in the Liberation of Spanish South America. By Alfred Hasbrouck. Columbia University Press. $6.75.

This monograph is a detailed study of the part played by foreign soldiers in the wars for South American liberation chiefly under Simon de Bolivar. It describes the recruiting, the transportation, the services, and the later fortunes of those foreigners, mostly British, who aided in the final struggles for the separation of modern Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia from Spanish rule. Appendices contain useful statistics which, with an extensive bibliography, help to make this volume an important contribution to our knowledge of the heroic epoch of Hispanic-American history.

The Soviet Union. Facts, Descriptions, Statistics. Soviet Union Information Bureau. Washington, D. C. $1.50.

If the facts in this compact little volume are correct, and we can only assume that they are, it becomes at once an indispensable handbook of Russia for all who wish to write about the most interesting experiment in the world, or to do business with it, or to travel within the confines of the Soviets. The figures are based on official statistics and are up-to-date. In addition to a wealth of statistics as to political, cultural, and economic conditions, this volume includes an historical chroni-

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cle of events, a bibliography of informing books in English on the U. S. S. R., and also maps, charts, and an index.

Drama

Made in America

THE younger generation of theatergoers may never have had an opportunity to see one of those wholesome native comedies in the course of which the rich young man marries a girl below his station and then discovers that what the town really needs is a garage, a soda fountain, or an up-to-date barber-shop. The last act always takes place in the aforesaid place of business and it generally includes three scenes: (1) Our progressive young people busily attending to the needs of their enthusiastic fellow-townsmen, (2) the entrance of the father who is compelled to admit that he is licked, and (3) the final clinch in the course of which the young man confesses that he owes all his success to the bright little woman who thought of the garage, the soda fountain, or the barber-shop in the first place. This obviously agreeable fable, which made the fortune of several dramatists, seems to have disappeared from our theater chiefly because all possible village improvements had been exploited on the stage and there remained no new businesses for the hero to go into: but those who would like to know just what it was like may gratify their curiosity by paying a visit to the play which the Theater Guild has just imported from Prague.

"The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" (Martin Beck Theater) has, to be sure, certain gay Czecho-Slovakian touches. There are, for example, many references to all but unpronounceable streets whose names the actors have learned to rattle off with breath-taking assurance, and there are frequent eruptions of the "I-kiss-your-hand-dear-lady" sort of thing. Moreover, since milk as a beverage is a novelty in Europe, the young people open a dairy instead of a gasoline station, and the author has, still further, achieved that elusive and much-admired "continental touch" by the relatively simple expedient of allowing the hero and heroine to get along quite a while without benefit of clergy. But no one familiar with the Broadway drama of ten years ago can be fooled for long. If Frantisek Langer has not studied the works of John Golden then he has pondered those of some other playwright who has and his comedy is a perfectly obvious imitation of a style which was worn out in New York some years ago. Once more the Guild has gone shopping in Central Europe, but this time it has brought back an American antique.

One need not grow indignant over anything as trivial as this foolish little play, but in all soberness it ought to be said that the Guild has never produced anything for which it, as an institution, could give less excuse. More than once it has chosen plays which tried to do something and failed. It has also sponsored others which did nothing with considerable expertness. But never before has it undertaken to regale its subscribers with anything at once so clumsy and so banal. Doubtless the relative failure of the three serious plays which it has attempted this season has something to do with the present choice and doubtless it should be forgiven this once, but "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" is inconsequential enough to balance, all by itself, the seriousness of "Dynamo," the didacticism of "Wings Over Europe," and the academic solemnity of "Faust." If the Guild has any more such plays in its trunk it should leave them there a while longer. In a few years they will do very nicely for Mr. Morley in Hoboken.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Sherwood Anderson

has written for this week's issue of *The Nation* a moving account of what he saw and what he felt when he went to Elizabethton, Tennessee, mill strike center.

It represents the type of journalism which Anderson has introduced into the two weekly papers which he edits in Marion, Virginia, clippings from which have just been published under the title, "Hello Towns!"

Anderson's reporting is thus characterized by Harry Hansen of the New York *World:*

> *"I am not aware here that another mind is standing between the event and me and converting it into histrionic uses, but merely that some understanding mind is finding the essential humanity in a hurly-burly of events and setting them down."*

If reading "Elizabethton, Tennessee" stirs you as it has stirred us, you will want to share it with your friends. In that case, send us their names and we shall be glad to mail them a complimentary copy of this issue.

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Previous books by Mrs. Gartz: "The Parlor Provocateur;" "Letters of Protest;" "More Letters."

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International Relations Section

Drug "Limitation" in the United States

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

FOR five years the United States has been posing as the one country in the world which has limited the manufacture of drugs to its medicinal needs. We have been living up to Article 9 of the Hague Opium Convention, which demands this of the signatory Powers.

To enable us to carry out this international obligation, a board of control was established in 1924, known as the Federal Narcotics Control Board, composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of Commerce. "It is desired to emphasize the fact that the Federal Narcotics Control Board is by law required to limit importations of crude opium and coca leaves . . . to the quantities actually required for medical and legitimate purposes only."[1]

This article deals only with opium and the drugs derived from opium. The drugs obtained from coca leaves and cocaine are not included in this analysis.

Now the first effect of this "limitation" under the Federal Control Board has been to increase the imports of opium from 43 tons in 1924 to 70 tons in 1928.[2] Thus:

1921	47,024	pounds, or about	23½ tons
1922	135,093	"	67
1923	99,353	"	49
1924	87,343	"	43
1925	100,478	"	50
1926	107,747	"	53
1927	142,139	"	70
1928	140,172	"	70

One is at once struck by the steady and constant increase in importations. We imported 23½ tons of opium in 1921, but the minute the Federal Control Board came into existence, the imports shot up—shot up out of all proportion to the increase in population. Nor, as far as we know, has any devastating plague or epidemic swept the country. Indeed, a casual observer might think we were better off before we began to "limit" ourselves. The United States Government sends in an annual report to the Opium Committee of the League of Nations. Geneva must smile.

The Opium Committee at Geneva also receives statistics from the various countries as to the amount of drugs they manufacture. There are three countries, however, which do not report their manufacture. One is Holland, which flatly says it won't. Another is France, which says it is awfully sorry but will do so next year. The third country is the United States, which only submits *manufacturers' sales*. It seems odd to pose as having limited our manufacture of drugs, when we don't know what it is. All we know is what the manufacturers say they sell. Yet the manufacturers are very shrewd and businesslike people. It hardly seems possible that they do not know what they make. However, these "domestic sales" are illuminating:[3]

Domestic Sales. Amounts given in pounds.

	Morphine	Codeine	Dionin	Other alkaloids
1921	20,107	5,906	344	420
1922	11,479	6,713	268	231
1923	12,223	10,361	326	266
1924	4,849	4,743	289	250
1925	6,635	6,056	284	213
1926	6,679	7,945	304	226
1927	6,589	7,170	379	203
1928	6,572	8,696	462	233

Now the sum total of all these drugs sold over this period of eight years reaches the enormous figure of 68 tons, which is pretty high for a nation supposed to have "limited" its manufacture. However, a discrepancy arises. During this eight-year period, we only imported enough raw opium to have produced 42 tons of drugs (855,010 pounds opium net, less exports). Whence, then, this amazing difference between 68 tons and 42 tons, a discrepancy of 26 tons?

Theoretically, ten tons of opium will make one ton of drugs. These 427 tons of raw opium should have given us 42 tons of drugs, yet seemingly they gave more. Four explanations suggest themselves.

1. There were (or are) immense reserves in the country, left over before the Federal Narcotics Board was established.

2. Contraband opium has been supplementing the legal imports.

3. Contraband drugs are included in the domestic sales.

4. The opium imported is far richer than 10 per cent in morphine.

The Treasury Department Report says on page 28: "The U. S. P. standard is not less than 10 per cent, nor more than 10.5 per cent of anhydrous morphine, and for opium not less than 9.5 per cent. The imported opium seldom contains less than this standard, and frequently yields slightly more." Of late years, however, opium has greatly increased in richness, or in morphine value. This high morphine content, running to 12, 14, or 16 per cent or even higher, is the result of intensive cultivation. The various opium-growing countries are striving to increase the richness of their opium, and this fact is well known to the manufacturers. One wonders if the Federal Narcotics Board is equally aware of this fact. Under this board the imports of opium have almost doubled in the past four years. Has it likewise doubled in richness?

But admitting this extra richness in morphine content, could this entirely account for these 26 extra tons of drugs? It hardly seems possible. Under the circumstances, we cannot overlook the possibility that the "domestic sales" may have been augmented by contraband. There are literally thousands of opportunities for this to occur, for we have a vast army of people licensed to deal in dangerous drugs. There are 296 importers and manufacturers; 1,784 wholesale dealers; 50,601 retail dealers, and 120,877 dealers in untaxed narcotic preparations. What—if any—supervision is exercised over this huge number of dealers? These extra

[1] Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs, June, 1928. U. S. Treasury Department. Page 38.

[2] Treasury. Annual Reports, 1928. Commissioner of Prohibition, page 26.

[3] Ibid, page 26.

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26 tons have been put into circulation and must be accounted for, somehow. Something seems wrong.

In fact, something is so wrong that a desperate and discreditable attempt has been made to whitewash the situation and to hide the enormous legal consumption of drugs in the United States. This effort at soft-pedaling has been made by the Treasury Department in its annual report.[4]

Several years ago, the Health Committee of the League of Nations fixed a standard as to the per capita consumption of opium for medical needs. This standard may or may not be too high, but is the only measuring rod we possess. It is in terms of raw opium, and dates from the days when raw opium contained only 10 per cent of morphine. The allowance was 7 grains, or 450 milligrams per year for each person. This United States Treasury Report says: "Legitimate home consumption. Particular attention is invited to official figures which indicate consumption for legitimate purposes within the United States, of opium, its derivatives and their salts . . . a per capita consumption in terms of opium is obtained of 4.776 grains, or 310.44 milligrams. This figure includes the domestic consumption of all opium, its derivatives and their salts, excepting codeine and its salts." Being invited to pay "particular attention" to this statement, let us do so. In 1928 the manufacturers sold 3 tons of morphine and 4 tons of codeine. Yet the per capita consumption is based upon the 3 tons of morphine, with the *4 tons of codeine left out.* Now if you are estimating the amount of sugar consumed in a year, you include all kinds —granulated, pulverized, and lump sugar. You divide this total by the population and so get your per capita consumption—and you do not omit such an important item as granulated sugar. Yet this document issued by the Treasury Department leaves out of account the opium required to make 4 tons of codeine—a trick so raw and crude that it is only exceeded by the stupidity in calling "particular attention" to it. The following figures speak for themselves:

League of Nations standard	7	grains or 450 milligrams of opium
Our pretended consumption	4.776 "	310.00 "
Our actual consumption	10.01 "	680.14 "

These corrected figures represent the average consumption for a period of years, 1921 to 1928, both inclusive. They are based upon the sales of morphine, codeine, dionin, and other alkaloids. Thus:

Aver. population	Aver. pounds	Aver. grains	Aver. milligrams
114,350,000	17,179,375	1.0152	68.14

(These figures are given in terms of morphine, or drugs. Multiply by ten to get the equivalent in terms of opium. Thus, 68.14 milligrams of morphine equals 680.14 milligrams of opium.)

One wonders who is responsible for this report, which was presented in January to the Opium Committee at Geneva, the most astute body of experts in the world. Did the manufacturers prepare it? Or did the Federal Narcotics Control Board prepare it? And did they think they could get away with it?

One more question, and this is the crux of the situation: *What are the medicinal needs* of the United States? Does any one know? Have they ever been ascertained?

Without knowledge of these needs, how does the Federal Control Board arrive at its estimates? From what does it base its decision as to the amount of opium to be imported? Are our medical requirements based solely on what the manufacturers sell? Or what the dealers think they can get away with?

For a country supposed to have limited its manufacture to medical needs, there seems to be something lacking.

[4] Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs, June, 1928. Page 31.

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